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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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No. 857—Vol. XXXIII.]

NEW YORK, MARCH 2, 1872.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS, \$1 00.]

OUR "CASE."

ALREADY the froth and fume excited on both sides of the Atlantic by the publication of the American Case in England, through the artfulness of "Dizzy" to unseat Gladstone, is subsiding. Of course, both our Administration and Mr. Gladstone's have made the most of it, each on its own side, to show the superiority

of its patriotism, from its own point of view, and manufacture popularity at home. But no reflective man on either side ever for a moment supposed that it would amount to anything.

The attitude of our Government and that of Great Britain toward each other, under these circumstances, from the beginning of "the row" until the present moment, is well hit off in the old ballad:

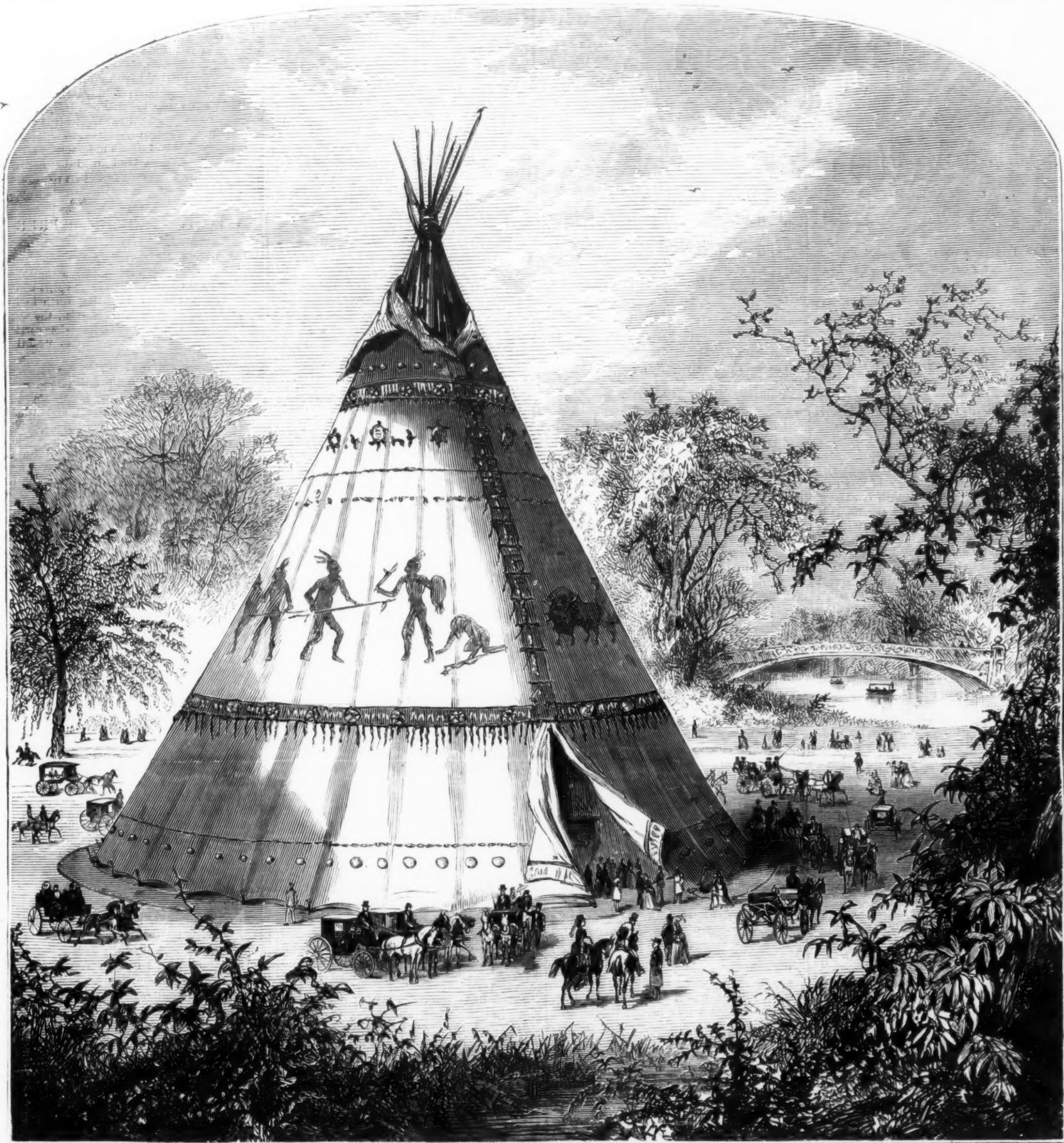
"The Earl of Chatham, with sword drawn,
Stands waiting for Sir Richard Strahan;
Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
Is waiting for the Earl of Chatham."

And so the parties will continue to stand until the Geneva Conference—whose business it is—takes up the consideration of the Case.

The whole thing would be ludicrous if it were not so mischievous. The relations, financial

and commercial, between the two countries, are so complicated and so delicate, that any disturbance of public confidence is fraught with disaster to legitimate interests.

Great enterprises, public and private, are paralyzed by the slightest distrust; and credit, which is a sensitive plant, receives a severe shock, which it requires time to recover from. The politicians and stock-jobbers who play



NEW YORK CITY.—INDIAN WIGWAM PROPOSED TO BE ERECTED IN CENTRAL PARK, FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE RELICS AND CUSTOMS OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.—SEE PAGE 361.

with these great interests to forward their own purposes of party, act with the heedlessness of children who play with fire, and with the wickedness of a Nero, who could enjoy a conflagration, reckless of the suffering it might cause.

Next to the evils of an actual war, there is nothing which can do more damage than the projection of its shadow across public credit and public confidence.

The apprehension works evils almost as dire as the reality which can do, in some respects.

Hence, let us hope that the political and stock gamblers on both sides of the water, having now played out their perilous game, and made what capital out of it they could, may permit the storm they have raised to die away, and leave the minds and hearts of two kindred peoples again in peace.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
NEW YORK, MARCH 2, 1872.

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One copy one year, or 52 numbers - \$4.00
One copy six months, or 26 numbers - 2.00
One copy for thirteen weeks - 1.00

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SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE LADIES.

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Lady's Journal.

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A SPECK OF WAR.

Decidedly the smallest speck of war ever visible to human eye is that which our sensational Press, in conjunction with the English, has been trying to manufacture out of the "Case" in the Alabama claims. That any sensible man, on either side of the Atlantic, could for a moment imagine such a contingency possible for such a cause is incredible. But it proves the want of a sensation, that "so much ado about nothing" should fill columns of the daily papers, disturbing the appetites and distasteful of timid old women, of both sexes, at many breakfast-tables for consecutive days.

The truth of the matter is, that the Gladstone Administration having grown as distasteful to the British public as the Grant Administration is fast becoming on this side of the water, and the treaty being a botch and a bungle, both causes have induced the British Press to do a little "buncombe" on its own account. The London Times, with its keen scent for what pays, has accordingly led off, in the character of "The Fine Old English Gentleman," and bellows like its own typical bull, and all the smaller organs have squeaked in unison. The absurdity of the howl is aggravated by the pretext set up for it. It is as though a client should insist that a judge should dissolve the court and dismiss the jury because the opposing counsel demands excessive damages in his opening plea.

What was the arbitration created for except to sift and examine the statements of the counsel on both sides, and what business has the Press of either country to set itself up, in advance of any judgment rendered or any action taken, as the high Court of Appeals in this grave national controversy?

The whole thing is so absurd, that it is hard to treat it with becoming gravity. The London Times certainly has the right to attack the treaty, and incidentally the American people, for the purpose of overthrowing an Administration to which it is hostile, but that the result is to be a war, is giving to its utterances an importance which must astonish "The Thunderer" itself.

The philosopher who, in analyzing human emotions, declared that the noise of a cart-

wheel in the street, if mistaken for thunder, would produce similar sensations of awe and terror, were he living now, would be delighted by this confirmation of his theory. For it is only the creaking of a cart-wheel, and not thunder, which has frightened from their propriety so many of our editors, and made them roar in a manner exceeding "Bully Bottom's."

But our English cousins, with their strong fund of common sense, and the American people, with their keen sense of the ridiculous, unlike the Duke, will not say to these Bottoms, roaring as gently as sucking doves, "Let them roar again," but respond with laughter, and imitate the example of the incredulous monk in "The Ingoldsby Legends," when very tough stories were told him:

"The Sacristan said no word
To intimate a doubt,
But placed his thumb upon his nose,
And spread the fingers out."

There is but one man in either country, high placed enough to aid in so disastrous a consummation, and stupidly selfish enough to entertain the idea for purposes of his own greed and ambition, and that man is not on the "unlimited" side of the Atlantic, but unhappily sits in the Presidential chair. Recognizing what one war has done for him and his family, he might complacently regard such a catastrophe; but England has never yet chosen such a head, and this war is against Gladstone, not against America.

No Ministry which rises on the fall of Gladstone's dare echo the bosh and bombast of a Press which seems suddenly to have adopted the worse types of the American as their models, and whose editors emulate the style and the sentiments of "Jefferson Brick," as illustrated by their own Dickens.

But it is only another commentary on the crude and confused bundle of contradictions called a treaty, and which was to be the crowning glory of this Grant Administration, that it has only resulted in making confusion worse confounded in this crooked Alabama business, and like an ill-contrived coach, breaks down just as it starts.

We never believed much good could come out of this complicated contrivance, but we believe just as little evil will now come of it, except the evil of the indefinite postponement of the settlement of a difficulty which all patriotic men on both sides of the Atlantic have long desired.

THE BROOKLYN SENSATION. WOMAN IN THE PULPIT.

THERE is in our vicinity a city, the number and altitude of whose spires have caused it to be dubbed the "City of Churches." Within the last month an epidemic of murder seemed to have broken out in that sanctified locality, and profane people recollected and applied to her the old couplet, as

"Making good the saying odd,
Near the church and far from God."

But true to her name and her traditions, Brooklyn has again come to the front with a religious question, and her Thugs are driven to the background by her divines and Miss Sarah Smiley.

Among the curious cases of religious liberalism which we have had occasion lately to cite, that which is now convulsing the good people of Brooklyn is decidedly one of the most remarkable. The Presbyterian denomination has usually been regarded as one of the most strict in its discipline, and most tenacious of forms. We therefore did not expect to see innovations of a startling character introduced into the pulpit of that Church. But one of its pastors, Dr. Cuyler, has given a double surprise by permitting not only a Quaker, but a woman, to occupy his place and expound the Gospel to his congregation.

Assailed for his act by the stricter members of his flock, the reverend doctor gallantly and fearlessly defends himself, and asserts his rights to invite whom he pleases into his own pulpit. He tells them flatly that "if the Presbyterian pulpit is made too small to hold a well-proportioned man, no woman in Christendom would enter it as a courtesy."

Now, this is rather an odd way of putting the matter, nor is it generally supposed that the pulpit is a place for "courtesies." In fact, it is very difficult to observe those smaller charities in many of the exhortations which the preacher's duty compels him to make from that vantage-ground. What the doctor means by "a well-proportioned man," we confess we do not clearly understand.

The lady who, like a pious Helen, has excited this war of words in that neighboring city, commonly called "The City of Churches," rejoices in the soft appellation of Sarah Smiley. She is said to be a very clever and persuasive woman, and must be so, both in and out of the pulpit, to secure a place and a hearing for Quaker doctrine in a Presbyterian church.

"Orthodox! orthodox!
Who believe in John Knox!
Here's an alarm to your conscience."

The encroachments of woman on the sup-

posed divine right of males to public speech have hitherto chiefly been confined to ladies who are not religious—in fact, generally the reverse. Your strong-minded woman usually emancipates herself from those restraints, as well as others, and seeking liberty, claims license.

With but few exceptions, the pulpit has hitherto proved one of the last strongholds to be stormed. But if the new Cuyler precedent is to be followed, and lovely woman is to be allowed the "courtesy" of unlimited preaching in any pulpit of any denomination, whereto "a well-proportioned man" may invite her, man may no longer look for safety there.

This may add variety to our Sunday lessons, and the new institution of the Free Pulpit become established among us. Yet it is indeed a startling innovation, view it as we may.

If it be necessary that the new departure taken by a few women is to be followed by many of their sex, we should certainly prefer seeing them preaching sound morality from a pulpit, to exhorting immorality from a rostrum. Of the two evils, we should prefer the least. It is painful indeed to see a woman unsex herself to gain notoriety or dollars, and degrade her whole sisterhood by doing so, as many of the "strong-minded" shriekers do.

But as an eloquent exhorter to her brothers and sisters to lead pious and godly lives, as an inculcator of order and religion, she may do good, and cannot do harm. And hence, if it is necessary for our day of progress that woman should no longer confine herself to her own peculiar sphere, but should step forth into a wider and more public one, by all means let her point us out the way to heaven, and not strive to "lead us the other way!—the other way!"

Dr. Cuyler is evidently what would be called in England "a muscular Christian," and his courage is only surpassed by his gallantry in this championship of Sarah Smiley, at whose apparition in a Presbyterian pulpit the sensation was like that attaching to the "flies in amber."

"The thing we know is neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the d—l it got there."

In so exceptional a case as this, of course other eminent divines of Brooklyn must mingle in the fray. Accordingly, both Plymouth Church and the Tabernacle have taken up Brother Cuyler's parable, and that doughty Ajax of the pulpit is seconded by Henry Ward Beecher, the Achilles, and Reverend Tallmadge, the Ulysses of the clerical host.

Mr. Beecher revels in a theme so congenial to him. He "honored Dr. Cuyler for inviting Miss Smiley into his pulpit, and convulsed his audience by reading Timothy's command to women not to wear certain kinds of ornaments. Shall we," said he, "take the rule made for a degraded heathen people for our rule?" He alludes to the Greeks, to whom the prohibitions of St. Paul, relied on by the Presbytery, were addressed.

Dr. Tallmadge also made a good point in his sermon when he said that "woman had voted before now," citing two: "Eve voted in Paradise to enslave the world in sin, and Mary voted in the Manger for the emancipation of the human race."

Decidedly the first example was not encouraging, and the second is rather a forced construction. Decidedly Miss Smiley is the sensation in Brooklyn, and even Brother Beecher bows down before her.

GROWLS OF THE RUSSIAN BEAR.

THE Russian Bear seems very sore at the unceremonious dismissal of his late Minister at Washington, and, it is said, will for the present send no one to replace him, leaving an agent, without diplomatic rank, to represent our most faithful ally.

This may be good policy on the part of our Administration, "to cool its friends"—at the very moment it is "beating its enemies"—and shows a generous disregard of all consequences which is uncommon. Moreover, the particular time selected for snubbing our best friend during the Rebellion, viz., the very moment his son was paying us a visit, shows our free and independent spirit, in contrast to foreign politesse, in the highest colors.

Not only does Prince Gortschakoff seem disposed to take Catacazy's part, by his action in the premises, but the organ of public opinion, the Gazette of Moscow, gives vent to its dissatisfaction of this treatment in an elaborate editorial, which broadly intimates that it is all the result of an English intrigue to alienate America and Russia, whose alliance she dislikes and fears.

This entirely new view of the matter soothes the ruffled temper of our Russian contemporary, who warns England that its detected intrigue shall not be permitted to alienate the two friends. "Neither in Russia nor in America has the wrangling between Mr. Fish and M. Catacazy produced the slightest impression. Instead of bandying words, the Russian Government has complied with the demand of General Grant. Attaching no importance to the fact that their representative was not an agreeable person at Washington, our Government has simply con-

finied itself to a calm denial of false rumors, based upon statements devoid of truth."

Now, this is pretty strong language to use toward statements made in the most positive manner by our Secretary of State, yet the irritation is pardonable. If the Bear growls, it is only after he has been most unmercifully punched and irritated. Yet, we repeat, it does seem to us, irrespective of the personal truth of the parties litigant, that it is not good policy in this Administration to get up small difficulties, while it has so many already made to hand, both small and large, much nearer than Russia.

A REFORM THAT MUST BE ATTENDED TO.

In another page our readers will find an eloquent letter from Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, who has lately been giving her sympathy and attention to the homeless poor, a class of unfortunates who fill our station-houses at night, or creep into lodging-houses, still more desolate. With her usual earnest sympathy for suffering of any kind, she has in person, both by day and night, visited these wretched outcasts, and makes an earnest appeal for our help to ameliorate their wretched condition, and by charity or legislation have public lodging-houses and baths erected for their accommodation.

Our answer is contained in the engravings and report, which will be read with a feeling of indignation and shame that this subject has been allowed to rest so long, a living disgrace to the city.

For our part, we are grateful to the lady for drawing our attention to these harrowing scenes; and, recognizing her as the first woman willing to risk health and sacrifice comfort by visiting the very lowest depths of poverty, are ready to give every aid in our power to carry forward her benevolent object. To this end, we shall not leave the subject till it is thoroughly laid before the public, and the people of New York have learned that political reforms are not the only ones that require attention.

A BOSTON NOTION—"FREE RELIGION."

THE Reverend Mr. Bradley has gone from the Ritualists "to Rome"—not the capital of Italy, but the Church. The same spirit which seems to have prompted Mr. Hepworth in his secession from the Unitarians—viz., the want of a more authoritative discipline—has carried Mr. Bradley back to the bosom of "Mother Church."

This tendency on the one side seems counterbalanced by its opposite which found expression in Boston last week, where the gentlemen who believe in Free Religion held their feast of reason and flow of soul.

They claimed the largest liberty in religion and the freest scope for individual ideas, and scouted at the idea of all authority. They will not hear of separating the provinces of Reason and Faith, and scout at the weakness which drives backward instead of forward the seceders to Rome and the Congregational Church.

Now, freedom is a good thing in the abstract, and it is also a good thing in government, but when one begins to talk of Free Love and Free Religion, in the one instance as well as in the other, we begin to apprehend that the moral restraint may be as loose in the latter as in the former. The common consent of the immense majority of mankind, in all civilized countries, has regarded things religious with other eyes than things secular, and visited Free Religion with the name of Infidelity, as it has given a yet harder name to Free Love.

There are certain wholesome restraints which secure the health of society; so must there be a certain uplooking reverence in things religious. Otherwise, if we bring them within the pale of pure reason, we run the risk of losing religious sentiment altogether.

The strongest possible proof which can be given of this truth is to be found in the existing state of things in this republic, where there is no established Church, and the largest liberty is given to individual preference in this respect. And yet there is no country in the world where religious authority and religious sanctions are more strongly enforced and more implicitly obeyed by the voluntary members of the different communions—self-supported as self-established.

Hence we believe that the new system of Free Religion will not number even so many proselytes as the Church of Mormon, and that the tide will still continue to run the other way.

ANOTHER RAT LEAVING THE SINKING SHIP.

EVERYBODY remembers the trite old proverb about the rats deserting the sinking ship. One of the grayest and shrewdest, as well as the sharpest-nosed of the old political rats which have had the run of the Washington larder for many years past, has just jumped overboard to swim ashore, and the circumstance is generally

regarded as an ominous sign for the present captain. This rat had stuck to the ship with wonderful pertinacity under all changes of time, tide and weather. He had revelled in the pantries and the dark closets when the old ship had a Democratic captain, and waxed fat and sleek from his pickings in the kitchen. When the old ship took a new departure, with a Republican captain, he would not desert the craft, and stuck to it so long as the provender lasted. With his "two papers, both daily," at Washington and Philadelphia, he managed to pick many crumbs of comfort; and when recently he professed a desire to retire from the active list, he was pensioned off with the Philadelphia Custom House. His retirement there recalled to us the touching story told of another old rat by Lafontaine, who, bidding an affectionate farewell to his family, announced to them his intention of passing the remainder of his days in a hermitage he had discovered, and urged them not to seek to shake his determination or discover his retreat. Urged by filial piety, or some less pious motive, his youngest daughter stealthily followed his footsteps, and discovered the hermitage which her parent had selected was in the heart of a huge Cheshire cheese!

So with our old Washington rat, we had supposed his Custom House cheese would have kept him in fealty and retirement. But of what use are Cheshire cheeses, if the ship prove leaky, and there is a chance of hermit and hermitage both going down with it?

The wise rat will not linger in such dangerous position. He will desert his Cheshire—even his ship, and swim ashore, while yet he may. And so we find Forney writing smooth and specious apologies to Grant for throwing up his "pos," and with it his obligations to the Administration, while the air is thick with disaffection, and discontented Republicans cry aloud for a new captain. He does it adroitly, magnifies the dignity of his office (printing), and declares he can be more independent in his support of the Administration when his hands are free.

Had General Grant's reading been more miscellaneous, he would distrust the word, and apply the definition which a caustic English wit once gave it, and which Mr. Forney's former patron and President learned was applicable to him, viz.: "An independent politician—one not to be depended upon!"

We again repeat, of all the significant signs as to the sinking of the ship of Grant, this is one of the most striking.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Our bright contemporary the *Sun*, which has been shining very hotly upon the Custom House investigation, so damaging to Grant and his friends, puts forth the following conundrum, which may be answered at Washington:

"The interest in the firm of Horton, Leet & Stocking was divided into five parts. Horton, who put in all the capital (in money?) had but one. Leet and Stocking had one each! Who had the other two parts? That is the question!"

ONE of the most significant indications of the times is the resignation of the Collectorship of Customs in Philadelphia, by Colonel Forney, of the Philadelphia Press. Colonel Forney was not, never has been, a more ardent supporter of General Grant than ourselves. He sharply criticised him, as we have done, and as was his duty to do, as a man of honor and an efficient member of the Republican Party (to which General Grant never belonged, and to which he brought only the support of his military reputation), but was "bought off" (that is the term) by the Custom House appointment in Philadelphia. Dancing in fetters has, we believe, become objectionable to most people of sense, and possessing a due regard for their physical comfort, Colonel Forney has not found the pastime pleasant. How far he may regard the Presidential placations in his case—not by any means as strong as in Murphy's—as an obligation to hold his tongue, remains to be seen.

CIRCUMSTANCES connected with the death of General Richard Stoddard Ewell induce us to mention that event here—under the editorial rather than the ordinary obituary heading—as an example worthy of imitation by his surviving fellow-officers of the ex-Confederate army. One of the most intrepid if not the most successful generals in the Rebel service, from the first Bull-Run battle down to the date of his surrendering with 6,000 men to Phil Sheridan at the close of the war in 1865, General Ewell retired from political strife after that event, and spent the remainder of his days at cotton-planting in Tennessee. There he died, almost simultaneously with his wife, who preceded him only a couple of days, and whose lifeless form was brought to his sick-room that he might look once more upon her, with the wish on his part that his death might occur in time for interment in the same grave with her who had been his companion through a stormy life. But, it is not for these matters, however interesting in a domestic way, that we have to mention his departure. His dying words are worthy of repetition everywhere through the

Union, as an impressive lesson in the duties of propriety and loyalty. He urged that his interment should be conducted in the quietest manner, avoiding all parade and needless ceremony. And in this course his example is worth following, Northward as well as Southward, among people of all ranks in wealth and prominence. He was equally, and perhaps even more emphatic, concerning his tomb, forbidding any inscription beyond the mere mention of his name and the rank he bore in the Confederate service—particularly charging that "no word should be used in his epitaph that could reflect in any way upon the Government of the United States." In this latter respect lies the point to which we most particularly direct public attention, from the contrast it presents to the turbulent spirit manifested by sundry ex-Rebel officers and other orators who sought to "fire the Southern heart" by reviving threadbare animosities at recent celebrations commemorative of the late General Robert E. Lee. While this quiet lesson was proceeding from the deathbed of one of their bravest comrades, the orations to Lee's memory were accompanied by language unworthy of honorable men who properly respect the leniency of the Government that allowed them on their parole of honor to escape imprisonment or the gallows—such punishment as Republican France lately inflicted on the gallant Rossel and thousands of his confederates. Is it wonderful that urgent invitations from Southern States and Land Companies prove almost wholly powerless in attracting immigration from Europe or the North toward the "Sunny South" and its deserted or poorly-cultivated lands, while so many of the ex-Rebels are persecuting the loyalists and belching fury against the National Union, taking their children as it were to the altar to swear eternal enmity to the power that has mercifully permitted themselves to live unpunished under the blessings of a Government which they vainly fought to destroy by open warfare?

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The British Eclipse Expedition—Sketch at Bekul.

Our illustration shows the scene outside the old fort at Bekul during the taking of observations by the astronomers. A number of astonished natives gathered around the tower, curious to learn what the European masters were doing with these great telescopes pointed at the sky. There was one moment when the terrified people, in their alarm at the mysterious affliction which had befallen the sun, were preparing to kindle a fire of brushwood for a propitiatory sacrifice. This would have caused a smoke, fatal to astronomical observations, and the police were ordered to stop the attempted fire-lighting; and the natives obeyed.

Flora Macdonald's Monument, Isle of Skye.

Every reader of British history is familiar with the name of this lady, from the prominent part taken by her in the concealment and rescue of Prince Charles Edward, the Pretender, after his disastrous defeat at the battle of Culloden, in 1746. The Prince had fled from one hiding-place to another, with the price of £30,000 set upon his head, when Flora resolved upon attempting his rescue. Knowing his then place of concealment, she applied for and received a passport for herself, servant, and a young Irish girl, named Betty Burke, to return to the house of Flora's mother in the Isle of Skye. This Betty Burke was no other than the Prince, and his disguise consisted of a flowered linen gown, sprinkled with blue, a cap, apron, and a mantle of gray-colored camlet, made after the Irish fashion, with a hood. The ruse was successful, and after a series of adventures, which we have not space to narrate, the Chevalier was safely landed in France. Flora afterward married, and emigrated to North Carolina, where she resided during part of the French war, but returned to Skye, where she died in 1790. Her grave, although pointed out with pride by the islanders, remained unmarked by any memorial stone until November of last year, when the monument of which we give a representation was erected in the presence of the Lord of the Manor and about 400 Highlanders, who stood unbonneted around her grave.

Tom, the Duke of Edinburgh's Elephant.

This elephant, which was presented to his Royal Highness by Sir Jung Bahadoor, joined the *Galatea* at Calcutta. He was lodged in a house built on the upper deck abaft all, and was accompanied by a native mahout, with whom he had lived, slept, and eaten since his birth. However rough the weather, Tom never lost his equilibrium, and he was so good-tempered and amusing, that he became a prime favorite of the ship's company. After evening quarters were over, he would march to the fore-castle for a "skylark." There he was hailed with delight, and pampered with biscuits, pea-soup, and tobacco. Of the latter he was very fond, and would search the deck diligently for a stray quid. He was omnivorous in his diet, eating with equal relish hay, corn, grass, wood-shavings, rice, paper, straw, tea-leaves, and blacking; while he would drink beer, champagne, and spirits freely, without ever appearing the worse for liquor. One night he drank up a saucepanful of hot cocoa, which had been placed to cool outside his house. The angry cook beat him with a saucepan. Tom resented the indignity by crushing the utensil under foot. When playing with the men, he was most careful not to hurt them, letting them pile themselves on his back, trying to rub them off under the stays or against the ropes, hoisting them on to his back with his trunk, or rolling about on the deck with all the abandon of a young kitten. He could be as mischievous, too, as a kitten, on occasions. One Sunday, at divisions, the sentry ordered Tom back into his hut. The crafty animal waited till the marine had to re-pass the doorway on his beat, and then sent out a shower of small biscuits, like hail. Perhaps Tom had been reading in the "Arabian Nights" how his kinsman punished the tailor who pricked his trunk. Tom is of a dark slate color, is covered with hair, and on May 1st, 1871, was six feet four inches high, and weighed one ton ten hundredweight.

Proposed Monument to General Prim at Barcelona.

The city of Barcelona, proud of the illustrious Catalan soldier who overthrew the dynasty of the Bourbons in Spain, proposes to erect a monument to him. We give the design from the drawing of Don Miguel Garriga y Roca, the Catalan architect. He selects as his subject General Prim at the battle of Castilejos, in which he defeated the Moors and won his title of Marquis de los Castilejos. The equestrian figure, which recalls that of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg, shows him rearing aloft the banner of Castile as he tramples on the bodies of the vanquished Moors and leads the sons of Spain on to victory.

The Tichborne Case—The Shop of Castro the Butcher—The Claimant's House.

This famous case has probably made the obscure township of Wagga-Wagga better known in this country than it ever was before, from the fact that the claimant admits that he resided there under the name of Thomas Castro. Wagga-Wagga is situated in the County of Clarendon, in the colony of New South Wales, and on the river Murrumbidgee, a tributary of the Murray. The drawing of the butcher's shop where Castro carried on business was taken immediately after the claimant left Australia; while the other engraving, which is from a photograph, represents a hut in which he lived with his wife. He built the hut, says our informant (Mr. Hawkins, of the *Wagga-Wagga Express*), and she put up the clumsy-looking sod chimney attached to it. The hut has now been pulled down, but the photograph was taken as it stood when the Commission visited the colony. They certainly have the appearance of very strange quarters for the heir to one of the wealthiest baronies in England.

Searching the Vaults of the Houses of Parliament.

Our engraving represents a custom which has existed since the discovery of the famous Gunpowder Plot in the reign of James I., and which is a curious relic of the peculiar arrangements by which our ancestors, since the beginning of the first Stuart reign, nearly two hundred and seventy years ago, thought fit either to perpetuate the memory of that treason, or to provide against the renewal of a similar danger. At the commencement of the Parliamentary session, it is the custom of the sergeant-at-arms to order the vaults beneath the throne in the House of Lords to be carefully searched by a party of the Yeomen of the Royal Guard, with a view to the safety of the Queen, in case she were to be present at the opening and deliver her speech in person. Although this custom has been maintained uninterruptedly for so long a period, no rival of Guy Fawkes has as yet been discovered in the vaults.

SCIENTIFIC.

THE authorities of the American Museum of Natural History, in the Central Park in New York, have set apart Monday and Tuesday especially for the use of those persons who may desire to examine the specimens in the Museum for the purpose of special study. Notifications of this arrangement have been distributed to the principal learned societies throughout the country, inviting them to attend on these days.

ACCORDING to a late statement of Professor Huxley, the average weight of the human body may be taken at 154 pounds. Such a body would be made up of muscles and their appendages, 68 pounds; skeleton, 24 pounds; skin, 10½ pounds; fat, 28 pounds; brain, 3 pounds; thoracic viscera, 2½ pounds; abdominal viscera, 11 pounds; blood, 7 pounds. Or of water 88 pounds, and of solid matter 66 pounds.

It appears from a report presented to the Swiss Statistical Society at the Congress recently held at Basle, that Switzerland can boast of twenty-five public libraries, containing altogether 920,529 volumes; and not fewer than 1,629 other libraries, containing 687,939 volumes. The most extensive libraries are those of Zurich, which contains 100,000 volumes, of Basle, which has 94,000, and of Lucerne with 80,000.

PROFESSOR HALFORD has received from Simla the thanks of the Government of India for his paper on "The Treatment of Snake-bite by the Injection of Liquor Ammoniac into the Veins." The Governor-General in Council has determined to have Dr. Halford's pamphlet reprinted for general distribution to medical officers in different parts of India. It appears to be placed beyond doubt that this treatment is by far the most efficacious yet discovered in cases of poisonous snake-bite.

At a recent meeting of the London Zoological Society, Mr. Selater read a paper "On the Species of Monkeys found in America, north of Panama," being supplementary to a former paper "On the Northern Limit of the Quadrumana in the New World." The species of monkeys now ascertained to occur in Central America, from Panama to Mexico, were stated to be eleven in number—namely, ten belonging to the family Cebidae and one to the Haplorhina. Full particulars were given concerning the range of each of these species.

PROFESSOR KENIG, of Zurich, Switzerland, states that a hail-storm lasting five minutes occurred at eleven o'clock in the morning of August 20, 1871, the stones from which were found to possess a salty taste. Some of them weighed twelve grains. They were found to consist essentially of true salt, such as occurs in Northern Africa on the surface of the plains, mainly in hexahedric crystals or their fragments, of a white color, with partly sharp and partly rounded grains and edges. None of the crystals were entirely perfect, but appeared as if they had been roughly developed on some surface.

TO OBTAIN light instantly, without the use of matches and without danger of setting things on fire: Take an oblong vial of the whitest and clearest glass; put in it a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea, upon which pour some olive oil, heated to the boiling-point, filling the vial about one-third full, and then seal the vial hermetically. To use it, remove the cork and allow the air to enter the vial, and then recork it. The whole empty space in the bottle will then become luminous, and the light obtained will be equal to that of a lamp. As soon as the light grows weak, its power can be increased by opening the vial and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter. In winter it is sometimes necessary to heat the vial between the hands, to increase the fluidity of the oil. Thus prepared, the vial may be used for six months. This contrivance is now used by the watchmen of Paris in all magazines where explosive or inflammable materials are stored.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

ALEXIS embarks on his ship this week.

TAGLIANI is teaching dancing in London.

THE King of Siam is sojourning in India.

GOVERNOR REED, of Florida, is impeached.

JEFF. DAVIS welcomed Alexis to Memphis.

THE Khedive is taking instructions on the violin.

TENNYSON is to poetize the Prince of Wales's recovery.

THE widow of the lamented Rawlins has married again.

JENNY LIND's daughter will rival her mother as a singer.

LEWIS DOXAT, one of the oldest London editors, is dead.

MISS S. J. WILLIAMS is City Physician of Springfield, Mass.

THE late Archbishop Spalding was to be declared a Cardinal.

DE-LA-CHAYE is the most treacherous chief of the Western Apaches.

OLE BULL recently made a visit of a week's length at the home of ex-Governor Seward.

THE Governor of German Lorraine, Count von Gutschmidt, has tendered his resignation.

U. S. MINISTER JAY and General Sherman were presented to the King of Italy, February 12th.

FEBRUARY 27th is a public holiday throughout Great Britain for the recovery of Albert Edward.

AN interview between the Czar and the Emperor of Brazil has been arranged to take place at Nice, Italy.

THE Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha has taken to composing operas under the nom de plume of Otto Wernhard.

BISHOP AMES has tendered the new Methodist Episcopal Mission to Japan to Rev. Dr. Newman, of Washington.

OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT, the husband of Jenny Lind, has been made a Fellow of the British College of Organists.

THE amount paid by the Internal Revenue office to informers, for the year ending November last, was \$61,000.

"OLD JOHN BURNS," of Gettysburg, well remembered in connection with the battle at that point, is dead.

REV. DR. DIXON, the well-known blind Wesleyan minister, died at Bradford, England, recently, aged eighty-three.

Six months nowadays is considered to be the extreme length of time that an engagement should exist before marriage.

THE Right Hon. John Evelyn Dennison, late Speaker of the House of Commons, is gazetted as Viscount Ossington.

INDICTMENTS have been found against several members of the Missouri Legislature for indulging in the unlawful game of "keno."

TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND dollars have been subscribed to help defray the expense of the proposed expedition in search of Dr. Livingstone.

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL of Italy has bestowed a life pension of five thousand livres a year upon Mme. Urbano Rattazzi, on account of her literary merits.

THE Order of the Golden Fleece, which King Amadeus of Spain has presented to Prince Frederick Charles, is the same as was worn by Ferdinand Cortez.

HON. J. BANCROFT DAVIS, Caleb Cushing, William M. Evarts and Mr. White, arbitrators to the Geneva Conference on the part of America, arrived in Paris, February 12th.

MR. BANCROFT, United States Minister at Berlin, proposes to give Harvard University a permanent fund, the income of which is to defray the expenses of a Traveling Fellowship.

It is feared that the Canadian surveying party, under Colonel McNab, which left Duluth, in open boats, for the north of Lake Superior, about a month ago, have perished in some storm.

THE Japanese Embassy have decided to wait at Salt Lake City until the Union Pacific Railroad is open, instead of returning to San Francisco, and coming thence to this city by steamer.

THE consuls and other representatives of foreign powers at Bucharest, Roumania, have united in making a formal demand on Prince Charles for the protection of the Jews in the Principality.

COLONEL GEORGE CHISHOLM, whose death at the age of eighty occurred recently at Hamilton, Ontario, was one of a party of Britishers who burned what there was of Buffalo in the year 1812.

JOHN BONKOR, of Hancock County, Ga., died last week at the age of seventy-four. Many years ago he prepared his coffin, and packed it with choice old brandy to be drunk at his funeral.

MISS ALLA BLANCHE, daughter of Major Perkins, whose claim against Russia has excited considerable notoriety, has been elected Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages in a ladies' college at Jacksonville, Ill.

JEAN INGELOW, who is now forty-one years old, is the daughter of a country banker, and in money matters is nicely provided for. She lives in great retirement, and her quiet London life is one of devoted purity and abounding charity.

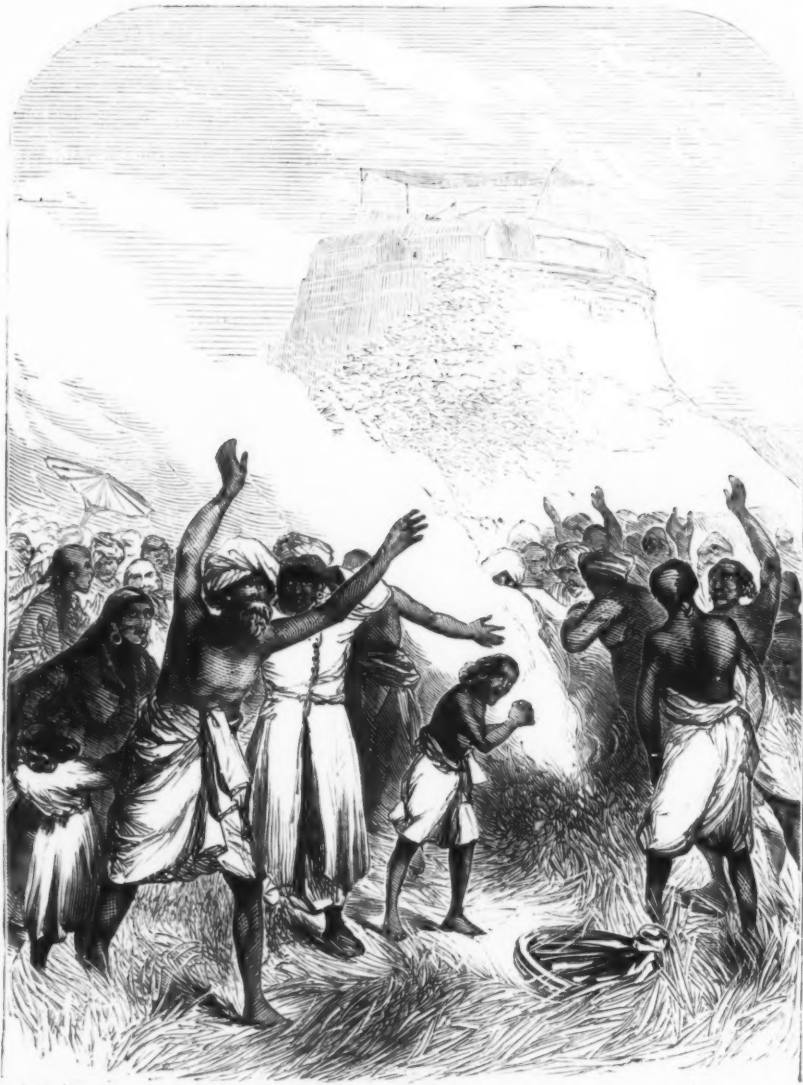
"SWEET are the uses of adversity." A man in Indianapolis, who had smallpox in his family, took advantage of the occasion to send for his mother-in-law to make them a visit. He had the old lady's funeral expenses to pay a few days after, but thinks he attained his object as cheaply as he could expect.

IN luck again. President Grant is to receive a beautiful album of paintings, made by the ladies of the court of Japan, and presented by the Mikado. Minister De Long, who is coming with the Embassy now en route from San Francisco to the East, will present the album to the great American Tycoon.

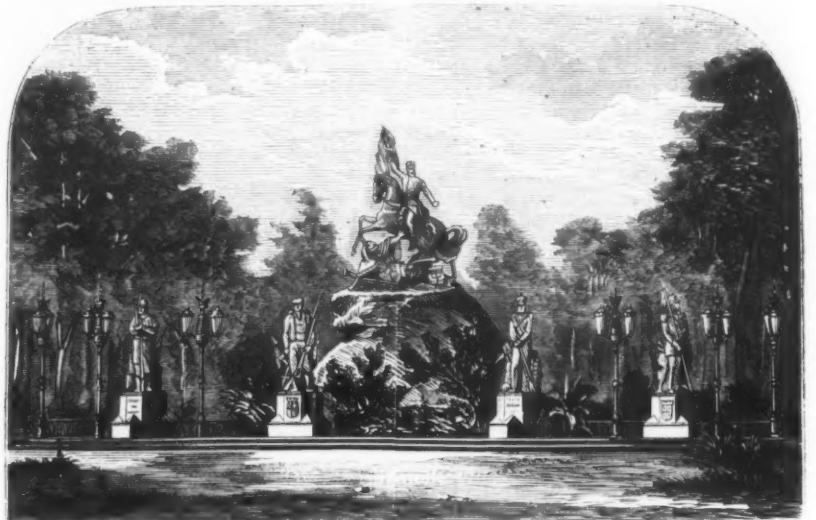
IWAKURA, the Japanese Minister of State, is tall, with a substantial head scantily covered with hair. His features are marked. He gives a hearty shake of the hand in true American style. He wears two swords, a robe of dark blue silk, and a head-dress of black wood, glazed and ornamented with beads, shaped somewhat like a flat portmanteau.

IN consequence of his fortunate escape from a bear who attacked his Majesty while bear hunting, the Czar has received telegraphic congratulations from Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, and King Louis of Bavaria. His Majesty showed great presence of mind at the adventure, taking a cool aim at the bear with his pistol, and felling it at once to the ground by a true shot.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



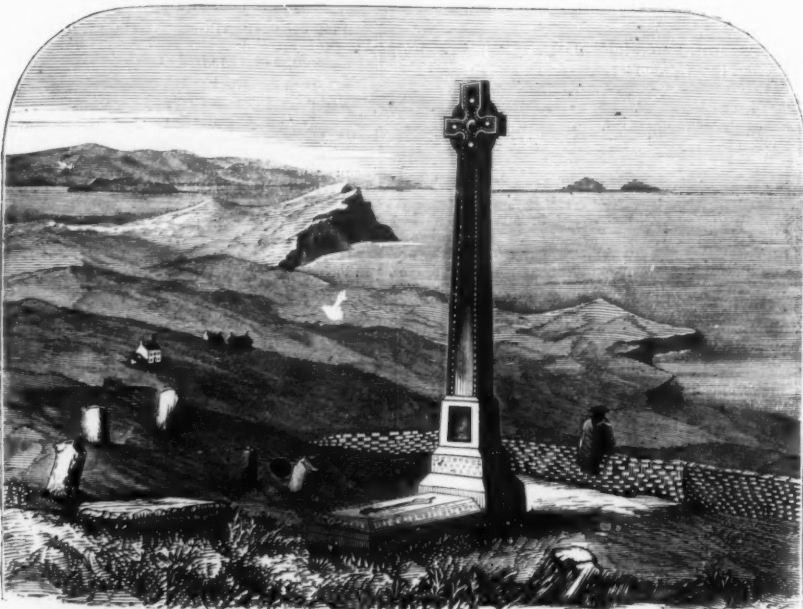
INDIA.—THE BRITISH ECLIPSE EXPEDITION—A SKETCH AT BEKUL.



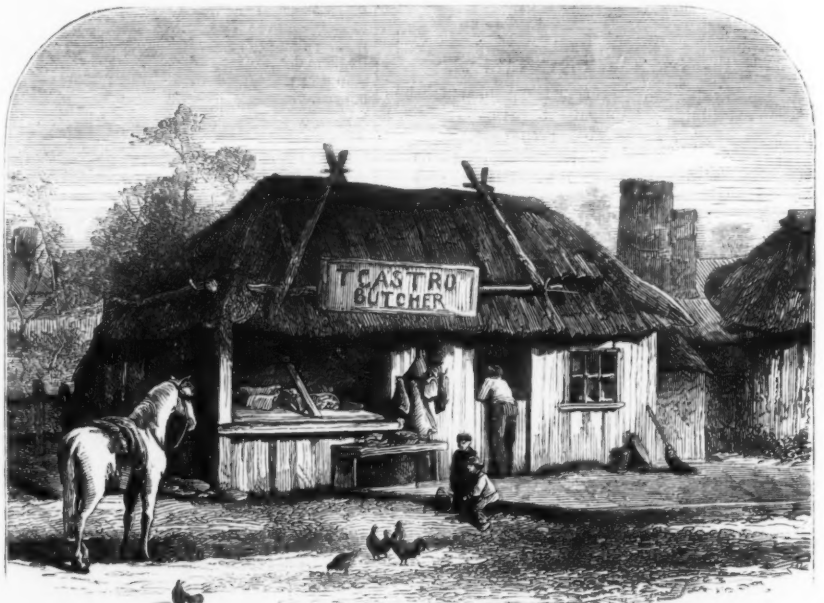
SPAIN.—PROPOSED MONUMENT TO THE LATE MARSHAL PRIM, AT BARCELONA.



AUSTRALIA.—THE TICHBORNE CASE—HUT IN WHICH THE CLAIMANT IS SAID TO HAVE LIVED AT WAGGA-WAGGA.



SCOTLAND.—FLORA MACDONALD'S MONUMENT, KILMUIR, SKYE.



AUSTRALIA.—THE TICHBORNE CASE—THE SHOP OF THOMAS CASTRO, BUTCHER, AT WAGGA-WAGGA.



ENGLAND.—"TOM," THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S ELEPHANT.

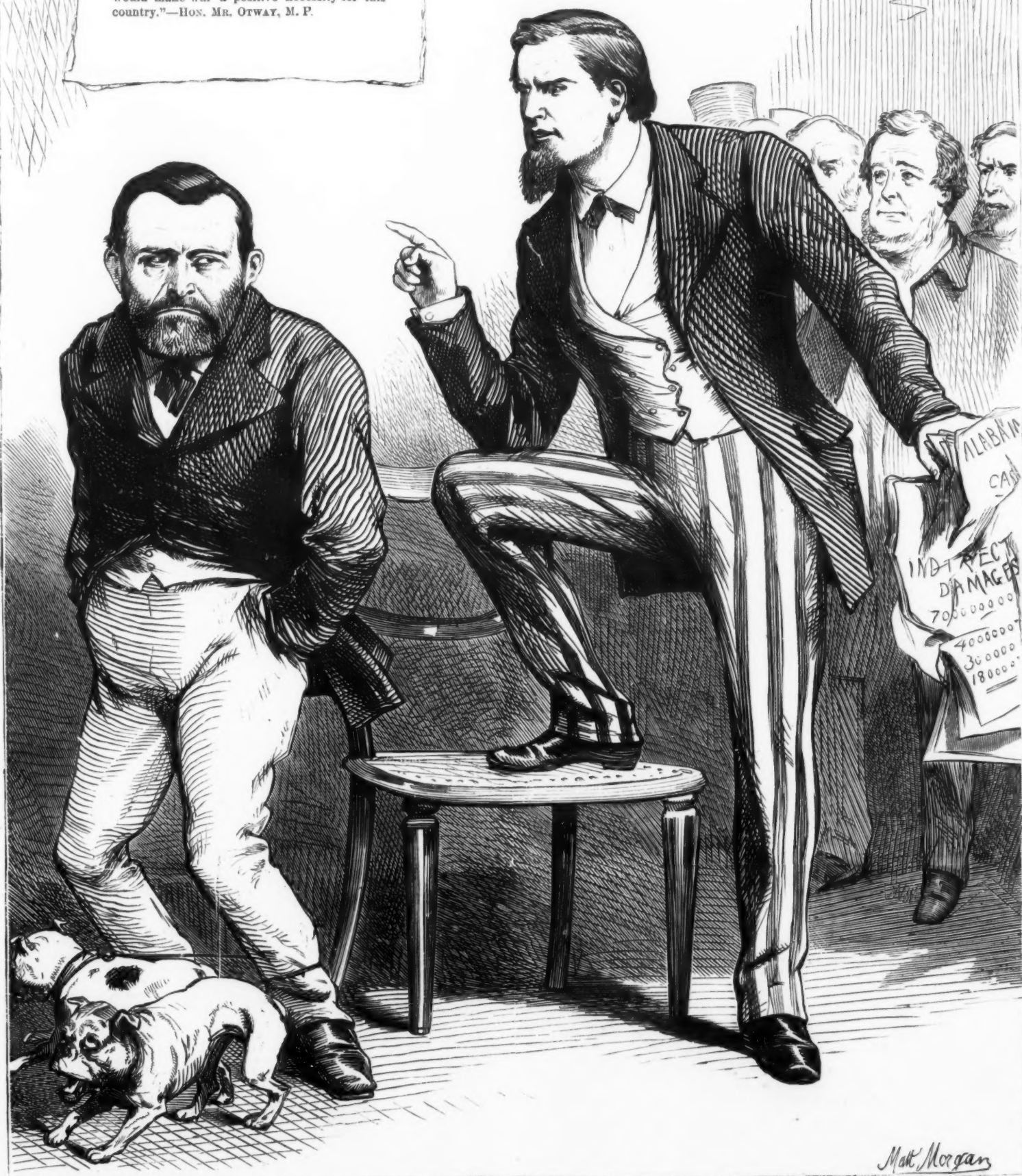


ENGLAND.—SEARCHING THE VAULTS OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AT THE OPENING OF THE SESSION.

"We have presented a doubtful bill of such enormous magnitude that all Europe stands amazed at it. * * * * No politician, or statesman, or member of the Administration, believes now, or ever has believed, that the Arbitrators will award a dollar of consequential damages. * * * * The Presidential Campaign is coming on, and a good big bill against John Bull for damages would be a fine thing to show to the country. * * * \$1,500,000,000 claimed, \$7,000,000 granted. * * * It is not always wise to ask two hundred times as much as you expect to get."—N. Y. TRIBUNE.

"A sum of money equal to one-half the national debt."—LONDON MORNING POST.

"A claim that, if it were listened to or granted, would make war a positive necessity for this country."—HON. MR. OTWAY, M. P.



Matt Morgan

CAUGHT AT HIS LITTLE GAME.

UNCLE SAM—"Look here, Ulysses; your claiming from John Bull a hundred times more than you ever expected to get, is more pettifogging, only worthy of a shyster. Besides, it jeopardizes the honest claims of these merchants for their actual losses. I don't want another war. Have you forgotten how many poor fellows you left in the Wilderness?"

U. S. G.—"I didn't mean war. It was only a little game of mine to bully John Bull. I thought it would please you, and help me to keep my place."

UNCLE SAM—"Don't flatter yourself in that way. Your case is settled."

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

WINTER.

How HUSHED the world is: how the sea-like sound
Of multitudinous streets, that shriek and swell
With life, is muffled, save for some lone bell
Making the sunless silence more profound.
The awful whiteness, spread along the ground,
Of the inviolate snow, seems to compel
The flames of fire to flash with visible
Increase of radiance, by dear norlight bound.
Thou, too, O heart, sore beat by roar and flow
Of heavy-weltering, clamorous-tongued desires,
Llest hush'd, as yon shrill streets smoothed by
The snow,
Each louder wish 'neath fresh-fallen peace expires;
Yet all the intenser throb thought's quenchless fires,
Wan Memory rims with tears and years of woe.

HER LOVE WON MINE.

READER, this is my story. Whether you will like it or dislike it, I know not. I have written it to please the brown-skinned girl crouching at my side, and her love-lit, fiery eyes commend it; therefore am I content. "Annie Artsome" may, perhaps, chance to read this some day. If she does, the object of its publication will have been accomplished.

"Don't cry, sweet, don't cry!"
"Oh, Jack, I shall be so lonely and miserable without you." And Annie Artsome's bright blue eyes swam in the tears that threatened each instant to course down her peachy cheeks; and her red, ripe lips quivered as they rested half open, giving you a glimpse of a faultless set of teeth.

"Nonsense, Annie; we shall love each other all the better for a year's separation—only a year—for in that time I'll dig miles down in old earth, or the dusky gold shall fill my bag for your sake!"

We all know what love-partings are, therefore it is useless to describe this one. He strode swiftly away down the village lane, his face hard and stern as though there was not a mine of passionate love seething in his heart and making all things dim before his eyes. She leaned her dimpled elbow on the garden-gate, and sobbed until her throat ached and her head whirled round.

Far away stretched, mile after mile, a vast rocky plateau, thickly intersected with precipitous gorges—vertical, terrific rents through the solid rock over a mile in depth. It requires a steady head to peer over these awful brinks, and see far, far down the gleaming, dancing river, whose banks are faintly green with high grasses and rank water-weed.

A large fire blazed and crackled in front of a low, mud-grimed tent erected about a hundred yards from the edge of the huge yawning cañon. Around the glowing logs four men were loling or sitting in various easy attitudes, tobacco-chewing and reckless-looking desperadoes. The fourth, also, was swarthy-faced and roughly-dressed enough, in all conscience, but about him clung that intangible something which so clearly indicates the gentleman, be he in what attire he may. All were miners, therefore all were armed with knife, revolver and rifle; and as the swirling flames lit up their bearded faces and gleamed on shining butts and hilts, they looked like a party that a lonely traveler would rather have avoided than sought.

"Talk, all talk!" Bill Porter vociferated, with a tremendous oath. "I tell you that I've a girl in Frisco who can lay them all in the shade."

"Lie number one for Bill," retorted his "pardon." "I have seen her, mates; she's a yellow-face, cat-eyes, billed naller a foot long, and feet as broad as a bear's back."

When the laughter provoked by this sally had subsided, Sam Winter asked:

"I never hear Jack there tell us about his beauty? Have you ever heard anything about her, boys?"

"No, no!" was the unanimous response.

"Then, come, Jack!" continued Winter. "Out with your yarn, and when you've done we'll get to roost; eh, Bill—roost?"

Although apparently devoid of any wit or meaning other than that implied, all except Jack Braddon laughed heartily and exchanged significant looks and gestures.

"Boys," began Jack, toying with his revolver and speaking in quiet tones, though his brows knitted in a dark frown, "you know what I am, and know that if I say I'll do anything, it's as good as done."

"All right, Jack! Savey, go along!"
"Well," the revolver-butt was gripped a little tighter, "I ask you, each and all, never to ask me about my love! It is too holy a thing to be lightly jested about."

"Too what? Ah-ha!" roared Bill Porter, and he was about to deliver himself of something amusing, when Jack silenced him by a fierce gesture, and resumed:

"You have learned her name, how, I know not; but if you are a gentleman, you will not pain me by mentioning it again in my presence, or badger me about a subject so delicate!"

"Well, but—"
"—your butts!" Jack retorted with a savage oath. "The first man who mentions her name again will receive the contents of my revolver in his brain!"

What the three miners would have replied to this outburst is problematical, for at that instant Fawneye, the beauty of Colorado Cañon, stepped out of the darkness, and placed her hand on Jack's broad shoulder.

"Halloa, Fawneye!" cried Sam Winter. "Come up to the fire and warm your pretty fingers."

The Indian girl was tall and graceful as the tasseled corn in the sheltered gorge when the breeze from the high plateau swayed it to and fro. Her long black hair undulated loosely on the plump, bronze shoulders and swelling bosom, and tangled on the gleaming, dimpled arms that were girt with double bands of massive coppery gold. Her face seemed weird and strange in its wild loveliness, and her pouting lips were curled in scornfulness, as the black eyes rested on Bill Porter and the two on either side of him. But when they fell on Jack—then her Indian name perfectly described their melting loveliness. A score of ambitious braves had sought the fawn-eyed marriage, and failed. Jack, four months since, had unconsciously won her love by his courtesy toward her and his open-handed generosity in various ways to her father's warriors.

Passing his arm around the girl's supple form, Jack said:

"Well, little one, what keeps you out so late to-night? War-eagle does not know of his daughter's absence, eh?"

"He does not," she replied, the peculiar Indian accent adding a curious piquancy to her low, musical voice. "Fawneye found this picture; she wishes Jack to tell her what it means."

"Hand it here, Fawneye!" exclaimed Bill Porter, looking with admiration at her superb figure.

"It is for your eyes only, Jack," she replied, not deigning to pay any attention to the speaker; and Fawneye unrolled a piece of smooth, white bark, and handed it to Jack, with a warning gesture. On its smooth surface was scratched the following symbolic picture. A tent interior; to the right a man sleeping on the floor, over his head the word "Jack," his head pillowed on bags of gold-dust; to the left, three other men were creeping toward him, each grasping a bowie-knife. Through an opening in the door of the tent, the moon, high in the heavens, signified midnight. For a moment Jack was puzzled; then like a lightning-flash burst Fawneye's meaning across his mind, and he started violently. The girl saw this, and said, in a careless manner:

"My father says that it has no meaning."

"I can see none in it, either!" Jack replied, understanding her design.

Placing her lips to Jack's ear, Fawneye whispered:

"Sleep with your eyes open to-night, Jack! You have too much gold—they want it. If you need help, call me. Fawneye's feet are swift as the deer's for those she loves, and her hand keen as the violet lightning for those she hates. You taught me how to use this firearm, and there are five lives in its steel chambers."

Jack pressed her hand to his lips, and turning to his companions, said:

"Well, boys, I've helped Fawneye to solve the riddle; suppose we get to bed."

"Agreed!" responded Bill Porter, eagerly. "But first we'll have something to warm our blood." And after taking a long drink from his whisky-flask, he passed it round to the others.

When Jack lay down, he took great care that his revolvers should be ready to use at an instant's warning, and contrary to his usual habit, did not wrap the rough blanket closely and tightly about his body. As the moon rose high, and the midnight wind began to bellow and moan in the caverns of the cañon, Jack, as though asleep, threw his arm across his eyes, then cautiously opened them. His breath came thick and fast, and he nerved himself for a quick, backward spring. Only a few feet away, and creeping slowly toward him, were Sam Winter and Bill Porter, each holding his bowie in readiness to strike. At the door stood Jim Blados, holding a cocked rifle by his side, and closely watching his companions. Home—Annie Artsome—death—Fawneye—a thousand things Jack thought of as he looked at the murderous-faced ruffians slowly crawling toward him.

Suddenly there was a sharp crack; Jim Blados reeled and fell, face downward, to the floor. Jack was standing erect at the other end of the tent, each hand leveling a cocked revolver, and the two miners were cowering before the deadly barrels, aghast and speechless.

"Now then, Bill Porter and Jim Winter, are you ready?—for, by —, you are dead men in two minutes! Say your prayers, for your bowies are no match for these! You—"

Jack stopped in astonishment. Swift and noiseless as a cat had Fawneye entered the tent, and was now standing behind the terrified miners, a silver-mounted pistol in her right hand, and her bronze face twitching in terrible anger.

"Don't shoot, Fawneye," cried Jack, in eager tones. The two men simultaneously turned round. As they did so, Jack sprang forward, and felled them to the floor with the butts of his weapons. They lay senseless.

"God bless you, Fawneye," said Jack, as he drew her to his breast, and pressed a passionate kiss on the warm lips.

Disengaging herself from him, the panting girl whispered—her full cheeks glowing the while like the red blossom of the sumac—

"Jack, do you love me—will you marry me?"

Jack's face fell as he replied: "Fawneye, you have been, and always will be my dearest friend, but—"

"Say no more: Fawneye will return to her father," she said, in low, mournful tones. "Jack, kiss poor Fawneye once again—the white face will not complain; for the Indian has saved her lover's life."

"Is Miss Artsome at home—Miss Annie Artsome?" demanded a bronzed and bearded man of the girl who had answered his hasty rappings.

"Miss Annie Artsome?"

"Yes, yes—Is she at home?"

"No, sir; she has just gone out with her husband. Her name now is Mrs. Branson."

"Annie Artsome Mrs. Branson?"

"Yes, sir; she was married last week."

"Ah!" was all that told of the agony in Jack

Braddon's heart—all that showed how suddenly a world bright with love and joy had grown cold and cheerless. The bronzed face turned away to hide its sunless, despairing eyes from the wondering child. Stepping slowly down the graveled path, Jack lingered for a moment at the gate where he had in times gone by held Annie by the hand, and kissed her a dozen times "good-night." As he was about to leave, he overheard a couple busily engaged in conversation, coming toward him. The one was Annie Artsome, the other, her husband.

"She shall see me once more, then," and again that long-drawn "ah!" the offspring of utter woe.

As Mrs. Branson reached the gate, she was astonished to see the swarthy, bearded stranger filling the gateway with his brawny limbs. But bowing courteously, she inquired, "Whom do you wish to see, sir?"

"Annie Artsome."

But she did not recognize the voice, it was so low and so hoarse; and Jack moved to the sidewalk before he resumed:

"Annie, I am Jack Braddon. You may, perhaps, remember me. One short year ago—this very day—beheld our parting. I went Far West to make you rich—to dig for gold. I have found all that I need. Annie, I have come home—only to return to Colorado Cañon—and his last words were tinged with bitter reproachfulness. "Good-by, and may your treachery never be visited on your children."

Reader, it is useless to spin out my story much further. Fawneye is my wife now—God bless her! When I left my native village, I thought that the world would never again be enjoyable to me. Fawneye, my bronze-skinned darling—Colorado's beauty—has taught me otherwise. She was faithful to my memory; and when I had returned to my old haunts, and thrown myself down on the edge of the cañon, heartsick and aweary, the first thing that met my sight afar off on the plateau was Fawneye. I fired my rifle in the air; she heard the sound; and fleet as the prairie-wind she ran to me, and fell a-sobbing and a-crying on my neck. From that moment I felt happier, until, a month after, we were married. So you see how her love won mine.

As for Annie Artsome, I say—but—pah! I'll not end this sketch by being disagreeable, so I shall say nothing at all about her.

OUR HOMELESS POOR;
OR,"HOW THE OTHER HALF OF
THE WORLD LIVES."

No. I.

FRANK LESLIE, ESQ.—

MY DEAR SIR: Some time ago Dr. T. A. Raborg, a gentleman of high standing, who now occupies the important post of Police Physician, gave a lecture in the Cooper Institute, in which he described with vivid and touching force the fearful condition of the extreme and abject poor of this city. Those who listened to that lecture were startled, astonished, perhaps thought a little of reform. This gentleman had spent months in gathering up personally a full knowledge of the important and heartrending subject, which seems to be less considered by the kind and charitable than many others that present no repulsive features and appeal as much to the taste as to the benevolence of mankind. He had searched out poverty in its deepest degradation, at the expense of much time, and in places from which the finer sensibilities revolt so utterly, that nothing but the most perfect philanthropy could have carried him through them.

This lecture was delivered to a room full of people, who listened, sympathized, and went away—doing nothing. The manuscript was one day sent to me, and I read it with that intense interest which actual human suffering can never fail to inspire me. Here, deep in the social heart, is a wrong which is to a great extent unknown, because the details and scenes which it presents are too repulsive for investigation by refined women or sensitive men. Nothing but a solemn sense of duty could influence any person to go through scenes of poverty and distress like these. I read this lecture; I conversed with the man who had sacrificed so much to collect the facts it contained. Other ladies, who have the good of humanity at heart, heard or read it also, and have been touched with a generous desire to do something more than the fancy work of charity, and to make a deep and searching investigation of the underlying poverty in which men and women are sunk so deep that justice and charity cannot find them. We consulted together, a few of us, who consider the best rights that a woman can struggle for are those of helping her sister women wherever they can be found. The scenes Dr. Raborg had witnessed lay outside of our lives, and too deep down in misery for our personal knowledge. Up to this time the lives of hundreds and thousands of our own sex, in all the terrible lights and shadows of abject poverty had come to us in reports that were almost too revolting for belief.

In order to cure an evil, it must be thoroughly understood; but the depths, the degradation of poverty in this great and wealthy metropolis is not even guessed at. To the hands of woman the best charities of the world are given, but what woman of refinement and position enough to command attention has conquered her repugnance to scenes of the most squalid want sufficiently to inform herself and the world what they really are? Yet the majority of poverty-stricken unfortunates who haunt our station-houses and creep into cellars and holes below the earth for a night's rest are women and children. This duty, disagreeable, even repulsive, as it may prove, shall be faithfully performed. The task will be a painful one, and full of peril, for disease goes with destitution, and contagion with disease. Still, that which these unhappy women suffer all the time, one more fortunate can surely endure for a few hours.

If ladies are expected to be mercifully interested in this sisterhood of misery, they have a right to hold some one of their own sex responsible for the truth, which can only be attained by personal observation.

At first I had thought to volunteer for the writing of these reports, but binding literary engagements leave me no choice in the matter; and if they would, a large portion of these scenes would tax the strength of a female heart and pen too severely; and while the report should reach both sexes so far as poverty

oppresses them, propriety would confine my pen mostly to the sufferings of my own sex, and thus leave the frightful revelations incomplete.

It requires a powerful pen and inspired pencil to lay these fearful pictures of wretchedness before the world. Beyond that, a journal of high standing and vast circulation is necessary, in order to impress these scenes on the public mind. You can command these; and, never having been found wanting when the public good was to be wrought out, I am certain you will not fail us here.

During the next few weeks, a party of persons deeply interested in this cause will be occupied in visiting the poverty-haunted districts of this city, in order to verify, by personal observation, the condition of the homeless poor, and, if possible, devise some means by which decent shelter shall be provided for them. What we desire is, that you should detail an able editor and your best artist to accompany the party, and take a faithful record of the scenes through which we must pass, which shall be a leading feature in your ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER until the whole subject is fairly laid before the public.

Our object is to arouse a people, ignorant that such things exist to shame a great city, into erecting LODGING-HOUSES FOR THE HOMELESS POOR in every ward of the metropolis; to invoke the mercy of charity and the justice of legislation in behalf of a class of fellow-creatures whose condition shames humanity and disgraces civilization.

We wish to give these pictures so thoroughly authenticated that no person can impute one line of the engraving or a word of the report to the imagination. Let one convey clear, simple facts; the other give living pictures, taken on the spot—pictures so vivid with truth that they must appeal directly to every heart.

Since the year when you started your first illustrated journal as the nucleus of grander success, you have built up the largest weekly newspaper establishment in this country, if not in the world. Hitherto it has been used generously for all humanitarian reforms. As a faithful friend, who has sometimes shared and always watched your progress with interest, I ask you to enlist heart and soul in this the most important reform of all, for it strikes at the very root of humanity.

Yours, truly,
ANN S. STEPHENS.

ST. CLOUD HOTEL, Feb. 1, 1872.

STATION-HOUSE LODGERS.

How FEW persons who have comfortable homes ever think, as they retire at night to their warm beds, that thousands of human beings created by the same God as themselves—with the same delicate sensibility to cold and heat, sorrow and joy, want and plenty—at that very moment are wandering through the lonely streets, with no roof but the lowering skies, no companions but the driving sleet and the wintry blasts!

Do not look upon the picture we are about to give as the fruit of a vivid imagination—the effect of an over-wrought sympathy. What is now described to you was witnessed by five persons, who can testify that not a line is exaggerated—not a word given from the imagination. In these pictures and their details we simply give you a plain statement of facts as they are, and as each and every one of you may see them.

What number of these homeless, penniless, friendless creatures drag their weary forms through our streets in the silent watches of the night, it is impossible to say; none but the great all-seeing God, who in His wise providence permits these things to test the charity of their fellow-beings, can ever know. The only data we have is the report of the Police Commissioners, and by this we find that considerably more than a hundred thousand unfortunates, in this poverty-stricken condition, sought refuge in the station-houses during the twelve months just past.

How many others pace our streets nightly—cold, hungry, desolate and despairing, but too proud to seek a shelter in these abodes of crime! For, in this great city, throughout its length and breadth, there is not one refuge established, by religious or philanthropic efforts, where these children of destitution can for a single night, rest their sore and travel-worn bodies in peace.

THE FOURTH WARD STATION-HOUSE.

This building is in the midst of what was once the most degraded and reckless population of the city; but this class is gradually moving to the west side, and the character of the lower order, in consequence, is greatly relieved of vice, while poverty still remains.

These facts were given by Captain Allaire, a splendid officer, who served honorably in the army before he took his present position in the police. He accounts for the change by the small amount of shipping which now remains in that neighborhood.

This station-house is a commodious building, and kept in excellent order. Nothing could be more courteous and accommodating than the officials. Under the captain's escort, the prison was opened and its cells examined. But one person was in confinement, and he seemed very much bewildered, with a doubt whether he was in Williamsburg or New York.

There was nothing particularly interesting in this man; and the cells, being in perfect order, offered no point for criticism, but much for commendation. Indeed, on leaving the building, it was with the impression that crime fared much better than poverty in all the police stations, and, in fact, is almost as respectable.

A flight of stairs and a narrow hall led into the lodging-rooms devoted to poor and houseless wanderers. They were long, narrow apartments, so comfortably heated that little covering was necessary, as the inmates slept in their clothes. Along each hall ran a long wooden platform of boards, which sloped gradually toward the floor. This was all the sleeping accommodation the building afforded. At eleven o'clock these platforms were full, but not crowded as they would be at a later hour, for these unfortunates sought refuge there at every hour of the night, and seldom came early unless driven in by the cold.

THE FEMALE WARD,

of which the artist took the sketch presented in this number exactly as he found it, was

warm, the air stifling and heavy with offensive odors. Huddled-up in torn cloaks and old woollen shawls, some twenty or twenty-five females lay upon the sloping platform, most of them asleep. The noise of several persons entering with the captain aroused them, the shawls were flung open and a stir of excitement ran through the recumbent crowd.

Near the door were several women, whom the presence of strangers aroused from what must have been a most dreary sleep. One, a meek-faced, patient-looking woman turned her eyes upon the visitors with a look of weary curiosity. One of them addressed her in a kindly way.

"This is a hard place to sleep in—don't you find it so?"

"It is warm," she answered, "and better than the cold street."

"But you seem respectable. What brought you here?"

"I've no home. My family is pretty well scattered."

"Then, you were married?"

"Yes, ma'am, I was married, but my husband drank. He gave up our little home, and I've lived around since."

"Do you come here often?"

"This is the first time I've been here, but I had no other place."

"You say your family is scattered; where?"

"I've three children; they're with my sister. I'm going to live out, if I can get a chance."

"Do you find it difficult to get work?"

"That I do. I've traveled about the offices, but—"

"You found no encouragement?"

"Not a bit."

"Are you a sober woman?"

"Yes, ma'am; I am always sober. I wish I could get some kind of a situation."

"Have you tried good offices?"

"Yes, many places, but work is very dull all over. In Summer some can get work for a while, but in Winter it is very hard."

The next woman addressed was evidently well accustomed to the place, and her countenance gave painful force to the truth of her frank, even audacious answers to the questions put to her, the first of which was:

"How came you here?"

"Drink."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-two."

"Married?"

"Never been married."

"Do you work?"

"When I can—people ain't over-willin' to hire me. I engaged to go to a place in Centre Street; when I got there I found a cook, so had to come here."

FRENCHY.

A stout roly-poly woman, wrapped in a dirty gray shawl, turned over on her hard bed, sat up, smiling, and evidently disposed to be sociable. It was refreshing to see anything cheerful, and inclined to be jolly, in that gloomy place. For a while she sat watching the artist as he went on with his sketch, evidently wondering what it was all about.

"Well, Frenchy," said the officer in attendance, "how do you get along?"

"Oh, first-rate," answered the woman, with a jovial laugh; "always do; there's no making me feel down-hearted."

"That's true; she's always cheerful," said two or three forlorn women, looking at Frenchy with admiration; "she don't care."

"Know of anybody that wants first-rate help?" questioned Frenchy, thus introducing herself with a broad smile, and speaking to the visitors as if they had been her bosom friends for an unlimited period; "a nice place in the country, now?"

"How long would you stay, Frenchy?" asked the officer, as if he had some reasonable doubts on the subject.

"Oh, as long as I could."

"You seem to be a good-natured woman," said one of the visitors.

"That she is—that she is—always good-natured, ain't you, Frenchy?" called out half a dozen voices from the depths of the room; "you should hear her sing."

"Oh, yes, I sing, and laugh, and keep in good spirits."

"How often would you get saucy?"

"Saucy? oh, never—indeed I wouldn't."

"Can you milk cows and make butter?"

"Well, I guess I can."

"Do you drink?"

"Sometimes, if I get a glass of wine or a glass of ale, I take it; but give me a good cup of coffee, and I will do without the rest."

A hoarse chuckling laugh broke from more than one of the muffled women, but this did not in the least disturb Frenchy, who joined in and overpowered them with the jolliest laugh imaginable.

Here a slender woman, far too delicate for that place, pushed back the rusty black shawl which fell like a hood over her wan face, and looking wistfully at the strange visitors, said, in a hesitating voice:

"Oh, how I wish I could get a place!"

"Can't you get work?" was the question asked in reply to this appeal.

"No; I've tried. Sometimes I get some for a few days, and then I'm off again. I've been promised a situation, but it's very hard that I can't get it."

"What can you do?"

"Well, I can cook, and I can wash, and I can iron; but cooking is my general business. I would not object to go into the country."

"Where can you be found?"

"Well, here—I come here because I don't like lodging-houses."

"Can you do other work?"

"I am not able to undertake any very heavy work. I am willing to do cooking."

"Have you been here before?"

"Yes; I didn't have any place to go, and

was told to go to Water Street, to a Women's Mission; but they had some men sleeping there, and I didn't like it. A man brought me here."

"Do you drink much, Ellen?"

"Yes, indeed, I do, or I wouldn't be here so often. That's what brings me here. I drink more in a week than I could earn in a month. I spent more since May than I could earn in several months."

"Where are you from?"

"St. Ellen's, twelve miles from Lancashire, England."

"Isn't it drink that brings you here?"

"Yes; but I hope to be better some day. 'Hope on, hope ever.' I never took the pledge in my life, but had not tasted a drop for five years, when I went back to England. I was seasick, and wouldn't touch liquor to save me. When I got there, I thought I was safe, and then I took to brandy; and then I went to my sister's, and there I had brandy-and-water."

"How long were you there?"

"Only ten months."

"I'd rather be here than in one of them boarding-places," chimed in Frenchy, rolling half over on the boards, and joining the conversation; "but I should like a good place in the country, or anywhere. I ain't afraid to work—am I?"

Here Frenchy appealed, with a nod and laugh, to the officer, who answered, promptly:

"She's a good worker. She scrubs around the station-house, and does it well. Maybe, if she went into the country, she'd take the silverware away, though."

"Would you, Frenchy?"

"No; I would never steal."

"Can you cook?"

"Yes, beautifully."

"How would you cook a turkey?"

"If I wanted to cook a turkey, I would stuff it with everything good and rich."

"Well, what would you use?"

"Just what the folks liked. Some would have potatoes, parsley, and good, rich seasoning. I would use bread or potatoes—everything good."

"You can wash well?"

"Yes, I can."

"You can stand a good hard scolding?"

"Well, yes. I can stand almost everything. I would not answer back; I would be satisfied and good-natured. I will give good satisfaction, and wherever I live they would like me."

"But you would have to work. You wouldn't have much chance to drink, except good coffee. And as for the money, you wouldn't have it all at the end of the month. Part of it would be kept back; you would have, say, about five dollars once in a while. The rest would be saved for you in case you got sick."

"Well, ma'am, that would be good."

Here the hot and unwholesome atmosphere became sickeningly oppressive, and the station-house lodging-room was exchanged for the open air, which, being cold and pure, was a luxury to breathe.

THE MALE WARD.

After drawing a free breath or two, and feeling, for the first time, what exquisite luxury lay in cold, frosty air, the gentlemen of the party went to the male hall, which was now packed pretty closely with a forlorn range of human beings, whose destitution was painful to contemplate. Here the atmosphere was murky with the offensive odors from so many unwashed miseries, crowded together. All were in their clothes, mostly as they came from the street; some lay flat upon the board; others had rolled up some ragged coat for a pillow; all were unwashed, and begrimed with dirt that seemed centuries old.

A small, sharp-faced, wild-eyed man lay nearest the door. His coat was off and under his head, exposing a worn-out vest and the fragments of a shirt blackened and greasy. His small feet, hardened and bony, were naked and frost-bitten. He started to his elbow at the appearance of well-dressed strangers, and one of them spoke to him:

"Are you comfortable here?"

"Very much so; it's a deal better than being out of doors."

"What brought you here?"

"Well, you see, I was looking for work. I've worked on a farm, in a stable, in a hotel, and came on here looking for more work of any kind."

"Have you asked for it? Can't you find anything to do?"

"Well, I've made three hundred applications in New York, but couldn't find nothing."

"Where did you live?"

"At Bath, Me."

"Well, couldn't you get anything to do there?"

"Not now, I couldn't. You see, if I could get there, I might have something when Spring opens. But I haven't enough money; I've all but forty cents."

"What made you leave there?"

"I was compelled to come here seven weeks ago last Tuesday. The matter was—"

"But how long have you lodged here?"

"As long as my money lasted I paid my board. This is the third night I've been obliged to come to a police station."

"Didn't liquor have anything to do with your coming here? Tell the truth, now; it's much better."

"I never drink—never!"

"How old are you?"

"I am thirty-four years old, and I've never had a cigar or glass of liquor in my life."

"My first trouble took place in Bath. A man named P— was the one I worked for. When I went to work for him I had \$600 in Government bonds. He wanted the money, and said if I'd lend it to him he would make me his partner."

"So I let him have it, but I never got it back. I worked there four years and three months, and when I'd ask him for the money he'd say it was invested for me, and was drawing good

interest. Well, then he failed, and I went to look after my money."

"Didn't you get it?"

"Oh, no. You see, before he let it be known he failed, he'd made over all his property to his brother."

"Do you intend to go back?"

"Yes, as soon as I can get the other forty cents."

After leaving the sleeping-wards, the exploring party spent a short time in Captain Allaire's office, who was courteously ready to give every information in his power.

In answer to questions, he made the following remarks.

"We have," said he, "on an average about one hundred lodgers each night, and a great many are regular visitors. Very few children come, and as for the females, they form about one-fourth the usual numbers."

"The low places in this (Fourth) Ward are gradually being removed and improved, as cheap boarding-houses thrive best where there are plenty of sailors and longshoremen. There are not many persons of the poorer classes dwelling near us. These localities are the best for such boarding-houses. They will exist somewhere, and cause less trouble here than if situated in the busier and more respectable portions of the city."

From this place we drove to the

FIFTEENTH PRECINCT,

where the same kind attention was extended by the officers. The sleeping arrangements here were not unlike those we had seen at the Fourth Ward, but the number of lodgers was about fifty, most of them men, some of them infirm and forlorn old men, lying side by side with wretched-looking lads. One or two negroes were packed down close among the whites, who seemed to make no opposition to the repulsive companionship. One lad of eighteen was sitting up in the midst of the crowd, evidently in pain, for a broad bandage was about his head, doubtless covering some wound.

Only half a dozen women lay on the boards of the female ward. One, a respectable-looking woman, meanly clad, but to a certain extent tidy, sat up as the party entered, and dropped readily into the following conversation:

"How old are you?" asked the lady she seemed disposed to confide in.

"About forty-four, ma'am."

"Are you quite temperate—pray tell the truth?"

"No, ma'am, I never do, and never did drink."

"Have you been coming here long?"

"Well, it's going on three weeks since I began to come here o' nights."

"How have you been living?"

"Oh, out at work, ma'am."

"Have you any children?"

"Well, I have."

"Where are they—surely they should be able to keep you from this place?"

"One is out West; the other is in Brooklyn, ma'am."

"Why don't you live with your children?"

"Well, you see, I'd rather be independent of them; they don't have any more than they want themselves."

"How old is your child in Brooklyn?"

"Fourteen, I guess."

"And your child out West?"

"Well, my daughter is a little older."

"Have you no work?"

"I have worked once in a while on Mondays, washing. You see, I couldn't do much, for I've been in Bellevue Hospital two weeks."

"Were you sick, or did you go as a nurse?"

"I was sick."

"Have you tried your best to get work?"

"Yes, I have tried very hard; but it is so difficult to get anything to do in Winter. When house-cleaning time comes, I shall get along."

"What do you do in the Summer?"

"I live out when I can get a place."

"Have you no prospect for work in the future?"

"I mean to go out West if I live till Spring."

"Where were you born?"

"Ireland; but I've lived in this country thirty years."

This woman was certainly far above the usual inmates of the station-house, and would have passed anywhere as a respectable domestic.

EIGHTH PRECINCT.

We found the lodging-wards in this district in the basement story, the quarters close, contracted and stifling. In a low vault, that was probably built for coal, we found some ten or fifteen men lying upon the naked boards. Two fine-looking young men—one of them remarkably handsome—lay nearest the door, with a negro between them, who gave one a punch with his fist and aroused him as the light shone in upon the wretched group. The larger and finer-looking of the two was respectably dressed, and seemed terribly out of place by the side of his negro companion. He was a Swede, strange to the country, and could hardly make himself understood, poor fellow.

The other boardfellow of the negro was an English coachman, out of place, who had slept in that cellar a week, and earned his food, when he got any, by hunting up coal to shovel in, for which he sometimes got a breakfast. This man was respectable and perfectly temperate, the courteous captain informed us.

The female ward was also underground, and a few movable boards were substituted in place of the wooden platform in other station-houses. These, some half-dozen wretched women had dragged up to the stove, about which they were encamped in squalid misery, from which the entrance of our party hardly aroused them. One or two were in the passage, sitting alone, as if to avoid contact with the regular lodgers. One, a dark-haired, honest-faced girl, dressed respectably in black, stated that she had been a chamber-maid, but had been some time out of place, though she went to the Intelligence Office every day. She had but one

living relative—an aunt—who resided in Brooklyn. As long as her work held out, this relative made her welcome, but the moment she was without money, she was stormed out of the house, and obliged to seek shelter in the station-house, where she was for the second time.

This girl had good recommendations; and Captain McDermott, who was exceedingly kind to these poor creatures, and courteous to us, attested to her respectability.

Another woman, also blameless of everything but poverty, was the widow of a soldier who perished in the war, and was soon followed by his only child.

PROPOSED INDIAN TESTIMONIAL.

It is certainly pleasant to New Yorkers, no less than the public in general, to be assured that with every succeeding year new attractions are to appear in our beautiful Central Park. Statues bear witness that the great men of other nations and times are not forgotten by the generous-hearted of to-day. The Paleontological Museum, if ever completed, will show us the proportions and outlines of animals existing long ages ago, while in the departments of living flowers, birds and animals, the various countries of the world will have fair representation. And better to the American student than all, there is a probability of the perpetuation of a symbol of aboriginal life, that will be the most unique curiosity about these famous pleasure-grounds.

Mr. George Catlin, the well-known Indian author, traveler and painter, proposes that the Commissioners of the Park erect a sheet-iron tent on a picturesque site, and purchase the results of his forty years' life among the Indians of North and South America, for preservation and display therein. His paintings are six hundred in number, and illustrate fully the games, costumes, religious ceremonies and other customs of the race that is being too slowly exterminated.

The tent will be fashioned after a Crow wigwam, brought from the base of the Rocky Mountains by himself. The structure will be seventy-five feet in height, with a base diameter of the same extent. The upper portion being entirely waterproof, will be painted red, while the greater part of the body or centre will be of pale yellow, exhibiting the characteristic scenes in Indian life, such as buffalo-hunting, dancing and scalping parties. Beneath this will be a broad band of scalp-locks and porcupine quills. This, as well as an upper and lower band, will be painted red, and furnished with circular windows of ground glass, so colored that their object will not be discovered from without.

In the centre of the space covered by the wigwam will be placed the original Indian dwelling, while between it and the wall will be two circles of frames intended to support the interesting pictures. Above this will be an arrangement of gauze curtains and flies, by which an even degree of light will be cast on each tier and row of paintings.

If the Commissioners will purchase the pictures and erect the wigwam, Mr. Catlin will personally decorate the exterior without charge, and, if permitted, spend the remainder of an eventful life in explaining these striking reminiscences of aboriginal existence. No more appropriate structure could be erected in the Park.

If the Commissioners do not feel at liberty to purchase the collection, we earnestly suggest that our liberal citizens will club together, and secure these strictly American works.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

NILSSON sings in Boston this week.

THEODORE THOMAS is in New Orleans.

MR. and MRS. BANDMANN are out West.

NILSSON re-appears in New York in April.

PHILADELPHIA has English opera this week.

"BAD DICKY" appears at the Union Square.

LAWRENCE BARRETT goes to California in May.

MRS. MOULTON and WEHLI are in Philadelphia.

WOOD's Museum has the gossip drama of "Darling."

SANTLEY has made many friends, with his Zampa.

MRS. JOHN WOOD is soon to make her debut at Niblo's.

Flotow's "L'Ombra" very successful elsewhere, was prohibited at Trieste.

MR. CRESWICK alternates with the Strakosch Troupe at the Boston Theatre.

THE Church Music Association has given Mozart's famous "Requiem" in full.

At Aimee's farewell matinee on Saturday at Niblo's, she appeared in *Perichole*.

EDWIN BOOTH and Lawrence Barrett changed rôles in "Julius Caesar," February 16th.

"MARRIAGE" runs quite acceptably at the St. James, with Miss Griswold and Mr. Mackaye.

MILE. TEDESCHI, an accomplished violinist, is soon to appear at the Association Hall concert.

THE Fabbri German Opera Troupe are giving pleasing entertainments at the Grand Opera House.

"DON GIOVANNI" in English verbiage was given at the Academy on Tuesday night by Parepa-Rosa's Troupe.

THE celebrated Goat is in good trim at Niblo's, and adds materially to the wonders of the "Black Crook."

PALEPA-ROSA gave the opera of "Martha," on Friday last, at the Academy, for the benefit of the sprightly Mrs. Seguin.

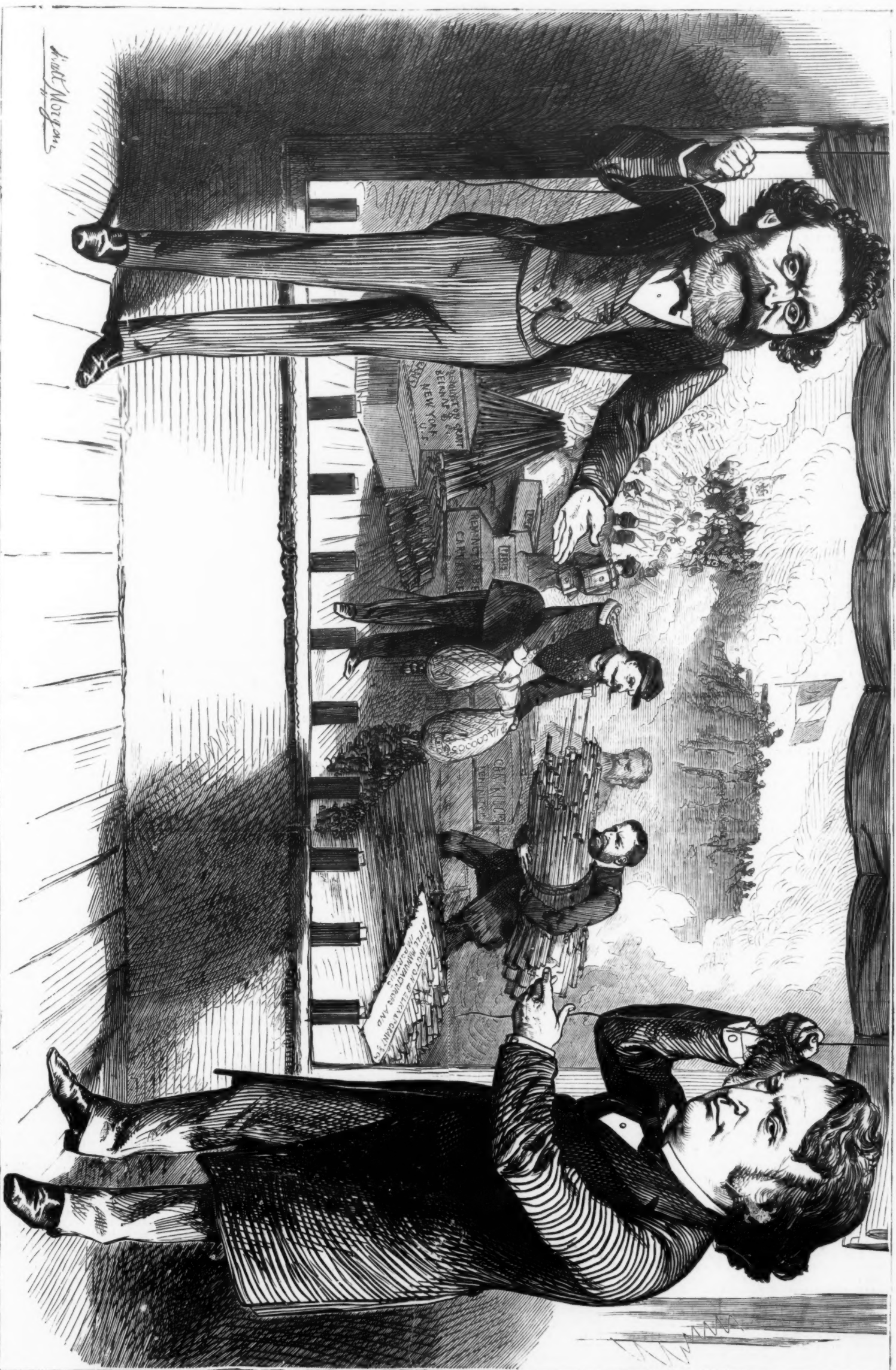
MISS MARIAN MORDAUNT, a Western actress, made her debut at Wood's Museum in "Darling," exhibiting talent, but too much action.

THE matinee of "Divorce" in Philadelphia, and the evening performance in New York on Washington's Birthday, is the event of the season.



LIFE SKETCHES IN THE METROPOLIS.—THE HOMELESS POOR—A NIGHT SCENE IN THE FEMALE LODGING-ROOM OF THE FOURTH PRECINCT STATION HOUSE.—DRAWN BY J. N. HYDE.—SEE PAGE 300.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.



LIFTING THE CURTAIN.

"We have the strongest influences working for us which will use all their efforts to succeed."—*Telegram from French Agent in the United States, to his principal at Paris, in France, Oct. 27, 1870.*

"With the very friendly feeling I find existing to aid France, I hope to be able to procure more guns. The question of making the cartridges at the Government Works was a difficult one to get over, but it is done."—*Letter from Remington, French Agent, to President of Armaments Committee in France, December, 1870.*

"A YEAR AGO I had this subject forced upon my attention by letters, resolutions and remonstrances from German both citizens, who believed the Government was selling arms to the French. I did all I could in private to stop the sales. For a while the sales were stopped, but after the November election in that year they were resumed, if indeed they had been stopped."—*Gov. Schure's in Senate, February 10.*

AMONG THE SAND-HILLS.

SILENCE among the sand-hills.
Only the ceaseless roar.
The thundering roll of the sullen surge,
As, lashed by the black nor'easter's scourge,
It crashes upon the shore.

Quiet among the sand-hills.
Only the sea-mews fly.
Blending their shrill, unceasing wall
With the ominous sob of the rising gale,
Flitting 'twixt sea and sky.

Dreary among the sand-hills.
The great gray sweep of waves,
As cold and as dull as the heavy sorrow,
That seems from the scene new strength to borrow,
To reckon the past's thick graves.

Lonely among the sand-hills.
In a helpless, hopeless woe,
While the wild birds cry and the wild winds moan,
And the white surf creeps over sand and stone,
And the great tides ebb and flow.

Lonely among the sand-hills.
Lonely where'er I be.
Oh, vainly boasted power of song!
In my bitter need it can but prolong
The dirge of the desolate sea.

THE SISTER'S SECRET.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

I STARTED—broke from his embrace. A feeling of anguish filled my heart; I felt it dilating my eyes as I looked into his. It was the pain of not loving him; it was the anguish of having to tell this gentle, loving companion, friend, brother of mine, that I did not love him. But the surprise, made an agony by the emotions that shaped it, passed. I became firm.

"George," I exclaimed, "not another word. If you love me, spare me!"

He read my feelings in my voice, in my face. But love made him pitiless. He would accept no confirmation but that which would be torn from my heart.

"You do not love me, Maggie?"

"Yes, George, yes—as a friend, a brother."

He clasped his hand upon his knee tightly. There came a long pause; then he commenced to speak slowly:

"Maggie, I have never dared to tell you my love before, though I have loved you for a long, long time. I always dreaded that you did not love me. I dreaded it because I saw that you never guessed that you were loved by me. I tried to subdue—kill—my feelings; I could not. You have noticed my depression; it was my love, Maggie. I have told it you now. Oh, why were you unprepared?—or, rather, why did I not let you see its existence before, that it might have dawned its own light upon your heart, and found you ready when the hour came?"

He paused. I bit my lips to keep my eyes from filling.

"My love for you, Maggie, is no common love. I have thought you made for me. I can sympathize with you wholly—wholly. Your words, your manners, quaint to others, are not quaint to me, but reveal a nature which I can understand. Your face is my dream—your pale face, your sad face, made sweet to me by the pallor with which your hard life has overlaid it. I can comprehend your moods. Your love of solitude, your passionate dreams, your quaint fancies, are all interpreted by me into an ideal life, sad, serene, like the eyes of a saint. I did not hope to find that you loved me. What is there in me to awaken love? But I thought you would let me lead you from this dull life. I thought you would let me take you away with me as my wife. You would learn to love me, Maggie; for my love is so great for you, that when your heart came to understand it, it would return it."

The silent tears were now trickling down my face. But as he paused and turned his eyes full of sad inquiry upon me, I shook my head, and laying my hand upon his arm, burst tremulously forth:

"I am not what you think me, George. Your imagination has lifted me to a height to which I do not belong—from which I should fall when you came to know me better. George, I do love you. After my sister, I love you better than anybody in the world. But my love is not that of a lover. And think how I should burden you if I were to become your wife. You, who go in quest of fortune, who leave your home to dare whatever perils the world has to confront you with, would feel a wife an intolerable chain upon your feet. She would impede you—retard you—she would weaken your energies—"

He stopped me with a strong gesture of dissent.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "this would be true of any other woman, but not of you—not of you. When I grew weary, the determination in your eyes would stimulate me; when I was sad, you would be near me to comfort me. Oh, Maggie, my dream is broken! the hope of my life is gone!"

He buried his face in his hands, and a sob sent a shudder through his whole frame. For a moment my feelings underwent a change. I felt that I was casting away a priceless gem. I felt that I was making bankrupt a noble heart. I thought of my own helpless position: of this support of a brave, a true, a strong love offered me. I saw him in his attitude of misery. But suddenly the thought of Major Rivers arose. I trembled, I sighed like one about to faint. I grew dizzy; a film came over my sight; an unutterable emotion shook me. I leaned against the back of the seat and closed my eyes.

I felt the touch of a hand upon my arm; the pressure of lips on mine. I looked up. George was standing before me. A solemn expression was on his face, and a sad light filled his eyes.

"Maggie," he said, "I have stolen that kiss—the first, the last. You are not angry with me? My dream is over. You do not love me—it is enough; it is mockery to hope for another answer. It would be unmanly to attempt to wrest it from you. Let what has happened be no trouble to you; whatever fate may have in store for you, you will always be what you are now in my eyes."

And with these words ringing in my ears he left me.

CHAPTER VIII.

ERE a month had passed since the occurrence of the above episode of my life. George was on his way to New Zealand. It was not difficult for me to understand the cause of my aunt's improving conduct toward me. Her son had exacted it from her, and his was the only influence to which she yielded. Not a word ever escaped her lips as to his wish to make me his wife. I was very anxious at first to know whether she was acquainted with the secret; but I soon found out that she was not.

I lack the power to depict the scene that took place between the mother and son when his determination was announced to her. How she endured his departure, how her grief at times crazed her and made George falter in his intention, a weightier pen than mine might well fail to portray. The bereavement added a dozen years to her life and plunged her into immature dotage. I have often wondered how George could so resolutely have left. That mother's grief might have obstructed or defeated a fiercer determination. But do not let me forget the formidable incitement of the necessity of independence, made severer yet by the pride that followed his miscarried love.

I saw after the first great pang of separation was over how my aunt struggled to console herself. She was not without a certain philosophy, almost Scotch in the resoluteness of its provisions; and a lesser trouble might have yielded to it. But there are periods of grief when philosophy becomes irony. In all her reflections, the mother incessantly broke through. So that life indeed was now made for her a vale of tears.

It is misery that teaches mercy. Broken by her own grief, her conduct toward me became more tender.

She tried to make me promise that I would not leave her. I resisted her appeals; I would not promise. She called herself a miserable old woman. She was abandoned, neglected, hated, she said. If I left her, what was to become of her? She told me, moreover, that George, ere his departure, had exacted from her a solemn promise that on no consideration was she to allow me to leave her roof, unless a place of security and comfort should offer; and her answer had been that henceforth I should be cherished as a daughter. Without guessing that George loved me, she clung to me because she knew that his liking for me was strong and decided. I was the one whom he had always more particularly protected from her epigrammatic remarks. I was the one whom he had always selected as a companion in his excursions. In her eyes, therefore, I took a deep significance; I was sanctified by his liking. In her sight I was blessed, as is a relic of one that has departed in the eyes of a faithful mourner. With me, too, she could talk for hours of her absent son.

I had been, nevertheless, seriously meditating a governess's place for some time. My determination had been renewed from the date of George's departure. When his influence was gone I dreaded a recurrence of his mother's conduct toward me. But being deceived in my conjectures, my resolution again subsided. I relinquished the intention of leaving Ivy Lodge. Nothing could be plainer than that my aunt clung to me with a species of forlorn passion. I pitied her; I pitied the old woman left lonely and miserable, like one that is wrecked on an island surrounded by a comfortless sea on which the sun is slowly going down.

I remained with her. Attribute my determination to what you will; think it, if you like, the result of a nervous dread of facing the unknown world outlying Lorton; ascribe it to a timidity that kept me faithful, not to my relative but to her house, which at least afforded me shelter, and in which I might now hope for peace. Yes, selfishness, cowardice helped me to make up my mind; and yet I should be unjust to my heart if I refused to remember that underlying all my other feelings was a sentiment of deep pity for my aunt, and an honest wish to minister to her wants—mental wants created by the vacancy in her heart—that I might discharge the debt I owed her of having fed and clothed me from my babyhood.

Meanwhile, where was Kate?—what was she doing? I knew not. Ten weeks had elapsed since the receipt of her last letter. I was pained at the neglect, not alarmed at the silence. And though this silence continued, I did not forebode. With Major Rivers I could associate no images but those of peace and love. My heart had refined him and his surroundings into an idealism beyond the taint of human affairs. Death, pain, decay, found no footing in my thoughts of him; and I extended this creed to Kate, glorified in my sight by his presence. Laugh if you will; but remember I was country-bred, with eyes which saw all things that had not entered into my experience glistening with a glamour of romance. Above all, I was not yet twenty.

But selfishness I knew. I had watched it in others, hated it in myself. It was the groundwork of that flimsy fabric of my construction which I had misnamed "human nature." I attributed it remorselessly to Kate. I thought that her silence was owing to her happiness.

She was too much in love to think of me. The voluptuous life of a Southern world, the articulated love-light of her husband's eyes, had passed over her heart like the breath over a mirror, and had dimmed it. From it had passed the life at Ivy Lodge—from it the pale-faced sister.

"It would have happened as I said," I cried, with almost cynical exultation at finding a misanthropical conjecture realized, "had I consented to live with her. She would have wearied of me—found me an intruder, and by perceptible toleration have taught me that dependence becomes more extravagantly bitter in proportion as we think we can claim it as a right."

But this hateful bitterness of mine was soon to be changed into despair. What an agony of remorse seizes me as I write, as I recall the cruelty of these passing sentiments toward my sister!

One morning a letter deeply edged with black was placed in my hand. I knew the handwriting at once. It was Major Rivers's. It bore the Paris postmark. I hesitated before I opened it. My dread was the greater because I stood on the edge of a precipice of whose existence I had wandered on in ignorance. I tore the envelope; glanced at the inclosure; and read that Kate was dead.

I read and doubted; nor could I prevail upon myself to believe until I had read the letter many times. It seemed incredible—impossible. I was stunned. I stared with vacant eye at the written lines, and went on mechanically reading; but no meaning took shape from what my eyes rested upon.

The letter was brief—brief as a sob, and as full of misery. The writer spoke of himself as heartbroken. Kate had died at Rome, giving birth to a boy. Her health would not allow her to return to England for her confinement. He—the writer—had been too prostrated to send me the news before. He was on his way home, and would be in London in a few days.

I sat for a long time tearless. I was too stunned to feel acutely yet. I could only think like one who is horribly startled. Presently dim conceptions of the reality floated upward. They became stronger and stronger until they ended in an agony.

How was it I could not weep? How was it that these eyes remained stony, these lips tight? I prayed for tears, for there was a roaring in my head like the rushing of waters.

Suddenly my aunt entered the room. She came in with an expression of terror. She had heard of my having received a black-edged letter, and the thoughts of the mother flew to her son. Seeing my frozen attitude, my dilated eyes, my pale closed lips, she uttered a scream and snatched the letter from my hand. She read it. Her face relaxed her first expression, and took another—full of pain, but without the agony in it of the first.

"Good God!" she ejaculated, tossed up her hands, and burst into tears.

Her sobs made me shudder at first. I was incapable of comprehending her sorrow, for I could not understand my own. But she turned her face toward me; the plentiful tears coursed down her cheeks; the spectacle burst the iron-like bonds that compassed my heart. I fell with my head upon the table, and hiding my face in my arm, wept, as I have only wept once since.

My anguish was unutterable. My sobs shook me from head to foot. I trembled to them like a vessel trembles to the blows of hurrying waves. My aunt endeavored to comfort me. Her voice fell harshly. I raised my head, flung back my hair, and with my face buried in my hands, glided to my bedroom.

Dead! What a change! It was the change that struck me dumb. The rapidity of it!—the unexpectedness of it! Dead, in the eye of that morning of joy which had dawned upon her after so long and bleak a night! The train of the vanished days swept past me mournfully; spectre-like, I mused with the apathy that follows temporarily the explosion of unspeakable grief. Memory restored her to me with awful vividness. I beheld her, the little child, leaping hand-in-hand with me; I heard her lisping laughter—saw the humid gladness in her young eyes. I beheld her meditative beneath the inexorable dominion of my aunt, with fallen merriment, with whispering accents. I beheld her budding in the beauty of womanhood: girlish in her maturity, but sad, spiritless, yearning for a new life. I beheld her as she wept upon my neck on the evening before her marriage. I heard her whispering of the graves of her parents; her parting kisses—her clinging kisses—were still moist on my lips.

Oh, sister! Gone in the moment when life was fairest with promise! Dead in the very shadow of that triumphal arch which love had raised for thee! Dead with the roses about thee! Dead with the light of a royal dawn upon thy clay-cold eyes!

As I whispered to myself through the scalding tears that smarted on my cheeks and lips, my thoughts reverted to my cousin George. I saw his tearful eyes weeping for him and her, but calm, trustful. How I longed for his sympathy then! How lonely, how unutterably lonely I felt!

I looked toward the sky. I pictured my sister mournfully gazing down upon me in company with our father and mother. I extended my arms, and out of the depths of the keen bitterness of solitude and woe my whole heart went forth into a wild passionate appeal for death.

A dreary time followed. It was clad in deepest mourning. I grew thin, and my face became white. I looked at my transparent hands, and hoped that they held death. A fortnight passed, and then my grief took to itself that undertone of resignation which is like a peace that blesses and promises rest to the aching heart.

November came. It was the anniversary of my sister's wedding. The morning had passed

with me in prayer, meditation, and earnest struggles to conquer the lingering woe which many sobbing appeals to God had taught me was profitless. I was preparing to descend when the servant's knocking at the door told me I was wanted below. My heart gave a leap, then fluttered painfully. I knew—I guessed who it was. I passed downstairs and entered the parlor. There sat Major Rivers. As I entered he rose, held my hand in his for many moments, unable to speak, then drew a chair and led me to it.

I noticed but little change in him. Habitually dressed in dark clothes, his mourning dress made no difference to him. His face was calm, with the composure of the will. That composure, too, was familiar.

He looked at me with all his old wonderful tenderness in his eyes. In a moment my deep passion for him, which grief could not kill, time repress, disappointment change, revived in me.

He commenced speaking of Kate's death at once. His low melodious voice—that voice which lives along my heart-strings with an unconquerable fascination to this hour—was filled with pathos. The story of her death was very simple. She had been seized with a fever after having been already ill from a protracted attack of morbid hysteria. So abrupt was the attack, that it had laid her low at once, utterly disconcerting their intention of returning to England. This was at Rome. An eminent French physician was telegraphed for from Paris, and he attended her in the illness that terminated in death in a fortnight from the time of the attack. Death was hastened by her confinement.

"It taxed the cleverness of the doctor," said Major Rivers, "to preserve the poor little bairn. Its first cry was uttered as my poor wife died."

I had been crying very bitterly during his narrative. He took my hand as he concluded, and said:

"Maggie, I have come to ask you to teach me how to bear my sorrow. You must not give way to your grief. Think of my greater pang. If it is terrible for you to lose your sister, what must it be for me to lose my wife?"

He seemed almost to draw me to him by my hand, which he still held as he continued:

"I would have come to you before, but I had not the heart. Your own pain was, in my mind, above mine. I knew your love for her: I knew how your past lives had sanctified your associations; I knew how your heart would be lacerated in having her torn from it. But see me. I am calm; my eyes are clear—my voice resolute. I have looked this frightful misery of mine in the face steadily, bearing its blighting gaze until it has lost its horrible form. You have more fortitude than I. You can do this—and more. Think upon her now as I do—as a sweet saint. Make her memory a holiness, not a woe, in your heart. Her presence there will ring your life with a halo; you can make it the fount of sacred thoughts, and the inspiration of noble desires."

(To be continued.)

MY FRIEND'S WIFE.

How it was that about a dozen years ago I chanced to find myself standing upon Peddar's Wharf, which juts from the Praya, at Hong Kong, matters little to the reader; to state that I was there and that I intended to make the isle of "Fragrant Streams" my abode for a brief period, is all that need be at present recorded.

Of course, the first thing to be done was to look out for a domicile, so, as I had left my baggage aboard the vessel which had conveyed me from Calcutta, I engaged a sedan-chair, and directed the bearers to carry me to the Murray Barracks, where the —th Regiment was then quartered. Before leaving India I had taken the precaution to arm myself with letters of introduction to residents in Victoria, and, knowing the potency of credentials in the East, I determined to lose no time in presenting those I bore to Captain V—, for the writer had assured me that he was "a jolly good fellow," and would afford me every assistance in his power.

On arriving at the barracks, I gave my card to an almond-eyed Mongolian who was lounging in the courtyard, and in a few moments the gentleman I desired to see presented himself in propria persona.

"Glad to see you, old fellow!" he cried, with that frank cordiality which all Caucasians extend to each other in Orient climes; "I have been expecting you for some days, as Maitland wrote me that you were coming on soon, but he forgot to mention the name of the vessel, careless fellow that he is. Come up-stairs and we'll have a chat. Mrs. V— would not be visible if we went home now; but she'll be delighted to see you at dinner."

Perhaps one of the chief causes why hospitality is so freely extended to strangers in the East is that the long-time resident gleans great gratification from seeing a new face and hearing new stories—in fact, your Anglo-Indian, as a rule, seems to regard a visitor somewhat in the same light as a child does a new toy—something that will afford amusement and relief from ennui generated by monotony.

I accompanied my new acquaintance up-stairs, and in a few moments we were both enjoying the combined luxuries of cigars, cognac and conversation. Captain V— was a sort of muscular Adonis—a great strapping fellow, with biceps which would have excited the envy of a gladiator, yet a bright, open, handsome countenance, that indicated the placid temperament he possessed. I soon found that he was well read and a capital conversationalist, and I took an instinctive liking to the man before I had been many minutes in his company. I knew many friends of his—military men whom I had met during my sojourn in India—and consequently our conversation was so animated that the sun had reached its zenith before I thought to inquire

what hotel I had better make my temporary home.

"What hotel?" cried my friend, his eyes twinkling merrily. "Why, the Hotel de V—, of course. I just wonder what my little wife would say if she learned that I had captured a live American, just arrived from India's coral strand, and then allowed him to slip through my fingers. I promise you we intend to have the gratification of exhibiting you to all our friends, so you may as well make up your mind to be lionized. Our chairs are below, and its nearly tiffin-time; come and see my dove-cot on the hill, only you must lay aside your eagle propensities and spare its pretty inmate."

We went down into the courtyard, where two sedans and their bearers were awaiting us in the cool shade of a banyan-tree. A ten-minutes' trot up a steep road, bordered on either side by tall trees that interlaced their branches overhead and formed a leafy canopy so dense that the calid beams of the glowing sun only glistened like threads of gold through the glaucous foliage; then we turned into a carriage-drive on the left, and soon alighted at the portico of a pretty, ornate bungalow, the verandas of which were clothed with running masses of convolvuli, jasmin and hibiscus. Even the palm-thatched roof, with its broad, overhanging eaves, gave life to trailing shrubs, whose bell-shaped flowers drooped and hung in festoons of beauty down to the sun-dried earth.

"This is *Moustan-roma*—otherwise 'Fair-flower Cottage'—and I hope you will condescend to make it your home for the next few weeks," said my host, as we ascended the steps and entered the hallway. "Mabel! Here's Mr. Gilbert come at last," he added, in a louder tone.

I heard the rustle of a dress, and the next moment a lady glided through one of the open French windows of the room we had entered, and came toward me with extended hands.

"Welcome, Mr. Gilbert! We have been expecting you ever so long, and Harry was saying this morning that he feared you had changed your mind and determined to disappoint us. But 'better late than never'; now you are here, we'll try to make you as comfortable as possible.

I thanked her, as in duty bound, and, after exchanging a few commonplace remarks, we entered the dining-room and discussed tiffin, my voyage from India and the merits and disadvantages of the island, simultaneously. Then I had full opportunity to slyly notice the appearance of Mrs. V—. She was one of the most beautiful women I ever beheld; tall and stately, her form faultless in its proportions, her face fair as that of the angel of our youthful dreams. Her complexion was like that of the leaf of the lotus-flower discloses when bursting into bloom, her features were clear-cut and regular, and a wreath of bright, glossy hair rippled over her shoulders like a cascade of molten gold down an ivory stair. But all her charms faded into insignificance in comparison with her eyes—eyes like forget-me-nots freshened with dew; eyes in whose pupils beamed lovely light, that indicated the madonna-like purity of the heart, of which they were the index. She was plainly attired, a crimson big-nonia in the bosom of her snow-white dress being the only ornament she wore, and she played the part of hostess to perfection.

"Mr. Gilbert has arrived just in time for the ball, Mabel; I shall leave him in your charge this afternoon, for I shall be on duty; you had better take the carriage and call with him upon all our friends with whom you think he would like to become acquainted," said Captain V—.

His wife readily agreed to this. "You will have to submit to being lionized for a few days, Mr. Gilbert. New-comers are so scarce in the colony, that the arrival of one is quite an event, and marked as a red-letter day in the calendars of all the young ladies in Victoria," she said, laughingly. "But, perhaps, you do not feel inclined for a round of visits to-day?" she added, lifting her sweet blue eyes interrogatively.

As in duty bound, I declared that nothing would give me greater pleasure, and, when her husband had smoked an after-tiffin cigar with me and returned to the barracks *schus*, the barouche, drawn by a handsome pair of imported horses, was brought around to the door. Mrs. V— sprang lightly in. I seated myself beside her, and the carriage rolled rapidly down the tortuous drive heretofore described.

We called at many of the mansions of the *élite*, and I was accorded hearty welcome by the friends of my fair companion. Perhaps it was because she was so well-beloved by all that people strove their utmost to show civility to me; at all events, I thought so then, and, looking back into the long vista of the past, I think so still. But I was pleasantly impressed by my reception—it was cordial, genial, honest, and I instinctively felt that society was not governed by so irksome and absurd a code in China as in India.

In the evening I dined at the regimental mess with Captain V—, and he introduced me to his brother officers, who were a very jovial, gentlemanly set. When the cloth was removed and the walnuts and wine in circulation, the veterans told old stories and fought their battles o'er again, but the subalterns could talk of little else than the impending ball.

"The club hop is always the grand affair of the season," said Dr. Foster, a most sociable surgeon, who sat next me. "For my part, I am a little too old to care much for dancing when the thermometer registers ninety degrees in the shade; but these young fellows think there's nothing in life so jolly as whirling themselves and their partners into a state of profuse perspiration."

"Foster's a disgusting old sybarite, and thinks nothing can compare with a siesta in a cool veranda," cried Lieutenant Blake. "He's *blase* now, you know, Mr. Gilbert; but I'll warrant you that a few years ago he was just as fond of waltzing with a pretty girl as any of us."

"My dear boy, you will never get to the 'ruffled rascal' stage of existence," responded the doctor. "Six foot of ground in Happy Valley will be your couch before you are half as old as I am, if you will persist in drinking such tart claret."

"That's a base libel, Foster," cried one of the caterers of the mess, who sat opposite; "that wine is *Château La Rose*, and cost more money than the claret you're imbibing. If you have a proclivity for 'peg,' don't try to demoralize all the youngsters."

For the benefit of uninitiated readers, I may as well state that "peg" is Anglo-Indian for brandy and soda-water, each libation of which is equivalent to an additional peg in a man's coffin. We sat far into the night, pledging and chaffing each other, until the signal for us to separate was given by the major, who propounded an amusing conundrum.

"What is the difference between this nut," he asked, as he cracked a fine filbert, "and our regiment?"

"Give it up," chorused all who were sufficiently sober to understand him.

"Because its kernel is in my hand, and the—th regiment's is under the table. Pick him up, boys; I always said iced arrack-punch was an insidious drink."

Then there was a general demand for chairs, and I returned with Captain V— to Fair-flower Cottage.

Time sped along pleasantly enough, for the denizens of Hong Kong do not give way to the feelings of lassitude which usually steal upon those who have exchanged residence in the temperate zone for sojourn in the tropics, but fight the fiend Enervation fearlessly, and, by exerting themselves to amuse each other, retain vigor and health.

At length the date fixed for the grand ball at the Victoria Club arrived, and, in order to be enabled to sustain the fatigue which dancing in the evening would necessarily engender, the ladies of the community denied themselves the gratification of chatting about the coming event, and contented themselves with doing the *dolce far niente* in their own domiciles. I strolled down to the club-house during the forenoon and played a few games of pool with the only lounge who entered an appearance at the rooms; but after tiffin I felt inclined for a siesta myself, so lit a cigar, extended myself in the most comfortable chair in the front veranda of Captain V—'s house, and soon sank into a comatose state. My slumbers were not of long duration, however, for a swarm of those most obnoxious of the *Tipularia* family—the Oriental mosquito—persisted in hovering around my head, and, as I was not shielded from their attacks by a gossamer *cousin*, sleep was consequently a myth. On fairly awaking, I saw that Mrs. V— was sitting at the further end of the veranda, deeply engaged in the perusal of the last new novel that had arrived in the colony. I arose, joined her and we chatted familiarly together until the sun sank down in a blaze of scarlet, amber and purple behind the gray, far-distant hills that wall the passage known as Cap-sing-moon. The dusky shadows of night were stealing over the bosom of the bay, and we were just about to pass into the drawing-room, when my fair companion uttered a little exclamation of pain and clasped her hands suddenly together.

"What is the matter?" I anxiously inquired.

"A horrid mosquito has stung my cheek. 'Tis very annoying, for the swelling may not subside before the ball begins. I think the little pest has paid dearly for his temerity, though, for I fancy I have his corpse upon the palm of my hand," she replied.

We went into the drawing-room, and in the mellow light the lamp therein diffused, examined the amorous insect that had dared to sip nectar from the lady's rosy cheek. It was not a mosquito, but a small gold-green fly, dissimilar to any I had seen since my advent to the shores of Cathay. I held a post-mortem examination from motives of curiosity, and dissection showed that the insect did not possess a sting, but belonged to the order of blood-suckers. The mark it had left on Mrs. V—'s face was merely a tiny black speck, and, as there was no swelling or inflammation around it, the lady thought no more of the matter.

The hour for our departure arrived, and my fair hostess made her appearance "in gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls," looking radiantly lovely as celestial Astoroth, whom the Assyrians worshiped as the Queen of Light. The ball-room was tastefully decorated, flags draped the open windows, festoons of flowers, gorgeous in their sweet simplicity, were suspended from the candelabra upon the walls to the pendent chandeliers, whose golden rays shone down upon the virent fronds of great tree-ferns and palmate leaves of many a tropic plant which had been introduced to enhance the gaudy beauty of the scene. But the light glistened and glistened and glowed upon nothing fairer than the faces of the happy throng of dancers, whose radiant eyes eclipsed the lustre of the brilliant jewels that flashed in the coiffure and corsage of many a stately queen. Terpsichore held supreme sway, and every heart pulsed high with animation, as tiny, twinkling feet kept time to the swelling strains of the regimental band.

The excitement was at its height, and I was whirling around the room to the sweet music of the newest waltz, when my partner, Mrs. V—, lifted her lovely head from my shoulder as if to intimate she was fatigued.

"Do you feel unwell?" I asked.

"Oh dear, no! I hope you don't think I look so; but the heat of the room is almost overpowering, and I think I should like a little fresh air," she replied.

I escorted her into the veranda, which was brilliantly illuminated with colored Chinese lanterns, and we paced to and fro under the arching branches of tall tub-trees, from which the lamps were suspended. We finally halted under one to gaze at a particularly bright star that shone like a diamond through the inter-

stices of the great fan-leaves. While we were conversing, I noticed that old Acheong, the steward of the club, was intently scanning the face of my fair companion. I thought the fellow was lost in wonderment at her supreme beauty, and I was therefore surprised when I saw an expression of horror gleam from his little, scintillating, almond-shaped eyes. He gently touched my arm to attract my attention, and in his quaint "pigeon"-English, asked, "Can savvy where Miss Foste esang (doctor) belong?"

I told him I had seen the regimental surgeon at the other extremity of the veranda a few minutes previously. Acheong instantly vanished, leaving me to wonder whether he was moonstruck or attacked with colic. In a few seconds, Dr. Foster hurried up to the spot where I was standing with my partner, glanced for a moment in Mrs. V—'s face, and said, in an excited tone:

"Mrs. V—, please excuse my rudeness, but I wish to speak to Mr. Gilbert privately for one moment."

I escorted my hostess to a seat and returned to Foster.

"What on earth is the matter?" I asked.

"God help us! don't you see it?—but of course you don't, being a stranger. Mrs. V— has been bitten by the most venomous of insects, and I fear her death is certain. Acheong noticed it first, and came to me. That little black speck on her cheek shows that she has been bitten by an insect called the Baal-ize, or black-jupiter fly. Find V—; you are, of course, one of his greatest friends; break the news to him as gently but as quickly as you can, and endeavor to get him to take his wife home immediately."

I sought V—, and found him dancing with a trim little demoiselle, in an array of pink muslin that made her resemble a rose-colored cloud. There was no time for ceremony; I drew him aside and imparted to him the painful intelligence. A death-like pallor overspread his lately joyous face.

"Good God! can that really be so? And you saw the fly, you say? I have heard of it and its venom. Where is Mabel?" he hurriedly whispered.

Ere we had reached the place where I had parted from the surgeon, we met the object of our search coming toward us, leaning coquetically upon the arm of the man of medicine.

"Oh, Charlie, here you are! I was looking for you. Do you know, this dear old goose, Dr. Foster, is trying to persuade me to go home at once. I think he must be crazy to suppose I would do so before the ball is half finished, and when I am enjoying myself so thoroughly," she said, prettily pouting her rosy lips.

"Mabel, dear," said V—, in as calm a tone as he could assume under the circumstances, "I wish you to come home with me now, and I feel sure you will humor my request."

"Charlie, what is the matter?" she asked, now in turn excited. "Tell me quickly, are you ill?"

"No, no, little woman, I'm all right," he replied, with constrained hilarity; "but I'm afraid something is going to happen to-night, and I would rather you would come home."

Mrs. V— felt, evidently, relieved by the tone in which her husband spoke, and she turned to me with a smile.

"Mr. Gilbert, I am beginning to think that another gunpowder-plot has been concocted, and that Dr. Foster is playing the part of Montague. I should like to have a peep at Guy Fawkes. Won't you let me gratify my womanly curiosity, Charlie?" she added, archly.

Then she saw the anguish visible upon her husband's handsome face, and she took his arm.

"Of course I'll go immediately if you wish it, dear Charlie," she whispered.

Dr. Foster gave me a significant glance, and I lingered behind, as my friend passed down the staircase with his bride.

"You can be of no use if you go home with them. I'm going to give them a few minutes' start myself, for I do not wish to agitate poor Mrs. V—," he said.

"Is there no hope for her?" I asked, with a half-suppressed groan.

"Only the ghost of one, and we shall know all before morning, for the poison acts within a few hours after getting thoroughly into the system. If that cursed insect has not been feeding on carrion, we may save her; but I fear the worst, for the baal-ize seldom strikes a human being unless partially surfeited with decomposed animal food," he replied.

I returned to the ball-room, but could no longer enjoy the exhilarating scene; for me it had no further charm, and I soon got so tired of giving evasive replies as to the whereabouts of my hostess, whom every one missed, and so anxious as to her condition, that I slipped silently from the giddy throng and passed out of the club. It was a glorious night; the heavens were ablaze with lustrous stars, and the young new moon was sinking down behind the frowning peaks of the giant hills, the trees upon whose slides sparkled and shone with the fitful glow of a myriad fire-flies. I drank in the beautiful scene at one glance; it had no further charm for me, and I passed onward with bowed head, for my heart was filled with a dread foreboding of evil. I passed through the lodge-gate and neared Fair-flower Cottage.

"I was just going to the club for you," murmured Dr. Foster, whom I met at the side entrance. "It is all over. Go in and comfort as best you can our poor friend."

I could but poorly describe the condition in which I found my unhappy friend, even if I wished to do so; but I hold that there are some phases in our lives too sacred to be exposed to the common gaze, some pangs which we cherish silently because their exquisite acuteness renders them almost holy. The charming lady, the idolized wife, had passed away in her beauty and her prime, leaving her bereaved husband utterly inconsolable. We laid her to

rest in a flowery dell in Happy Valley, and there, with babbling brooks chanting an eternal lullaby near her grave, she will sleep in peace until the Archangel's trumpet shall summon quick and dead to the happier, holier sphere.

Poor V—'s health soon broke down under the terrible weight of his afflictions; he exchanged into a regiment serving in India, and ere another year had rolled into the dark vista of the past, I received tidings of his death. Earth had no charms for him; his soul had winged its flight to join that of the sweet girl he so dearly loved.

NEWS BREVITIES.

ROBINS have appeared in Georgia.

LOUISIANA'S sugar crop is a failure.

CAIRO, Ill., has had an earthquake.

AN iceberg alarm is the last invention.

GATHERING sponge pays well in Florida.

TROY proposes a \$500,000 college for women.

PARIS is to have an American charitable society.

THE New Testament revisers have only got to St. Luke.

BOSTON has a prohibitory law, and 1,121 bar-rooms.

The school property of Ohio is valued at \$15,000,000.

THEY have lemon-trees, bearing fruit, at Sturgeon, Mo.

THE Seine has not been so low as at present for a hundred years.

THERE are six very rich Hindoo firms doing business in London.

A REVEREND gentleman aged fourteen occupies an Iowa pulpit.

CALIFORNIA'S State tree-planter gets fifteen thousand dollars a year.

It is said the Order of Crispins control the Massachusetts Legislature.

Since the smallpox came, none need be too poor to have their "crust."

A CONSIGNMENT of prairie-chickens has been made to St. Petersburg.

THE veterans of the Whig party celebrate the birth of Henry Clay in April.

SALMON are now exported to England from this country in great quantities.

ARIZONIANS favor the annexation of the northwestern States of Mexico.

A DOLLAR-STORE has been opened at Calcutta by a Massachusetts man.

AMERICAN copper cents circulate at three times their home value in Japan.

DWELLERS on the Mississippi bottoms anticipate a great flood in the spring.

ALEXIS participated in the Mardi Gras frolic at New Orleans on the 13th of February.

THE allopaths and homeopaths of Massachusetts are to fight in the Supreme Court.

PRESENT appearances indicate a heavier European emigration than ever this year.

French ladies in New York raised \$5,000 in a week to help to pay the war indemnity.

IOWA last Fall purchased upward of two hundred thousand small maple trees of Michigan.

MAINE proposes to abolish imprisonment for debt on all sums less than one hundred dollars.

CHICAGO has packed 1,018,000 hogs this season, besides sending dishonest aldermen to jail.

FIVE negroes have been summoned as jurors in the United States Circuit Court in San Francisco.

A VARIETY storekeeper in Utica throws in vaccination if you buy goods to the amount of a dollar.

EVERY wooden leg which supplies the place of a limb lost in battle is a stump speech against war.

THE new Government buildings are to be located on Dearborn Street, Chicago, near the former site.

ABOUT one-half of the herring and salmon caught by the Newfoundlanders comes to the United States.

THE convicts of Rhode Island last year made \$4,794 more than the cost of maintaining the State Prison.

It is estimated that the beef of an average Texican, if the bones are taken out, can be salted away in the horns.

THE Supreme Court of Maine has just determined, by a solemn judicial decision in full bench, that an oyster is a fish.

THE United States derives over \$200,000 of revenue from the seal fisheries of Alaska alone, and this amount is increasing very fast.

ON the recovery of the Prince of Wales, the English aristocracy intend to present him with a silver casket of the value of \$30,000.

THE action of the California Supreme Court, in granting Mrs. Fair a new trial, is severely commented on by the Press of that State.

THE business of writing introductory letters for persons designing to visit Europe is about to be started by an enterprising New Yorker.

LA CROSSE pays thirteen dollars to a citizen who falls into a cellar and breaks his leg, and then charges him forty-five dollars hospital fees.

AN absent-minded resident of Harlem shut down a window and forgot to draw in his head. He was calling for Helen Blazes when discovered.

KANSAS has no scarcity of bills. She has had Buffalo Bill, Comanche Bill, Wild Bill, Apache Bill, and Buckskin Bill. Now she is to have a temperance bill.

BISHOP LANGEVIN, of Rimouski, Canada, wants to build a new church, and offers six hundred masses for twelve and a half cents, for anybody, living or dead.

THE funds raised by the people of Pittsburg in 1863, to fortify the city against Lee's invasion, have been voted by the contributors to the charitable institutions of the city.

OR the patents issued last year, one-ninth were to citizens of Massachusetts, one-fifth to those of New England, and three-eighths to New York, while only one-eleventh were to Southerners.

MISS SARAH F. SMILEY,

THE ELOQUENT QUAKERESS.

The appearance of a female in the pulpit is not an uncommon spectacle for this free country, and the public very generally was surprised that the recent address of Miss Sarah F. Smiley, in the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, should subject its popular pastor, Dr. Cuyler, to an official "investigation." The action of the Presbytery in the premises was certainly amusing, and can only be construed into an unwarranted interference with pastoral duties. This high and dignified body could hardly bring itself to censure Dr. Cuyler or pronounce against Miss Smiley. It must be gratifying to these persons to have the hearty support of the independent press of the country, as well as the liberal-minded men of all sects.

Of Miss Smiley, the eloquent Quakeress in question, the remarks of Dr. Cuyler in his "defense" was a fitting compliment to her sincerity and piety. He said:

"During the month of December last, while the state of religion in Brooklyn was sadly stagnant and needed a quickening, a company of eminent and most evangelical Orthodox Friends came to our city and opened a protracted meeting in 'Friends' Meeting-house' in Lafayette Avenue. They have done much to break down the barriers heretofore existing between the Friends and other religious bodies. That series of meetings I often attended, as did many of my flock. There were Quaker women there who, clothed upon with purity as a vesture, had ventured into dram-shops and dens of infamy to 'seek out and to save the lost.' I do not believe that any of our Presbyterian churches have ever held a series of meetings which were attended with more unmistakable evidences of the presence of the Holy Spirit. Among the speakers at these meetings was the most eminent and gifted Quakeress preacher (or public Friend) in our land. If the white mantle of Elizabeth Fox ever rested on any woman, it has rested on Sarah F. Smiley. Her preaching of the word I may describe in one sentence as strong in intellect, sound in doctrine and most sweet in utterance. She speaks in demonstration of the Spirit and with power. Her acute and unanswerable treatise in defense of the divinity of our blessed Lord I had studied with much profit and delight. Miss Smiley made a 'religious visit' to Great Britain two years ago, and was not only honored by the British 'Yearly Meeting' of the Orthodox Friends with fullest fellowship, but was cordially welcomed by eminent persons of all denominations. After the war was over she left her cultured home and went as a voluntary missionary to the emancipated slaves of the South. She taught and addressed both males and females. Those liberated bondsmen 'heard her gladly.' And I do not believe that if the Apostle Paul had stood by her side he would have said, 'Woman, it is a shame for you to preach Jesus Christ to these poor negroes.'



MISS SARAH F. SMILEY, THE QUAKERESS PREACHER.

Saviour, and so forth. Her address, or discourse, was weighty, solemn, scriptural, orthodox, tender, and melted some men to tears whom I have never seen so much moved before. She offered a devout and reverent prayer, a hymn was sung, and I concluded with the apostolic benediction.

"The Society of Friends, for two centuries, have been committing the utterance of Gospel truth to such heaven-blessed women as Elizabeth Fry, Priscilla Gurney, Sarah F. Smiley, and Esther B. Tuttle. There is to-day a Quakeress preacher who has been the instrument of the conversion of more souls to Christ than the majority of our own pastors. If these women committed a sin against the Holy Spirit, why has the Holy Spirit blessed that 'sin'?

"The largest evangelical denomination in America does not hold it a sin and a shame for any Christian woman to pray or to speak in public. On the contrary, our Methodist brethren not only encourage women to pray and speak in their social meetings, but have even ordained some women to the Gospel ministry. The next largest Protestant body (a Calvinistic one) the Baptists, do not prohibit their female members from prayer or from narratives of Christian experience in their mixed church assemblies. Two of their most eminent pastors in Brooklyn (Brothers Pentecost and Wayland Hoyt) have invited Miss Smiley to their pulpits with the approval of their congregations.

"Our Congregational brethren have no rule declaring it a sin against God's word for any woman to speak publicly for Christ, and two of my beloved neighbors, the Rev. Dr. Buddington and the Rev. Henry Martyn Scudder (both formerly pastors of Presbyterian churches), have introduced this excellent Quakeress, Sarah F. Smiley, to their pulpits."

The "defense," which was a long and ably written document,

breathed the hearty fervor of the eminent divine, and after alluding to his church, concluded with the following words of pious tenderness:

"Brethren! as you love the liberty of your pulpits, I trust you to write no condemning mark against that sacred desk."

After a lengthy discussion, remarkable only for its liberality and evasion, the Presbytery adjourned *sine die* on passing the accompanying resolution:

"The Presbytery having been informed that a woman has preached in one of our churches on Sabbath, at a regular service, at the request of the pastor, with the consent of the session, therefore,

"Resolved, That the Presbytery feel constrained to enjoin upon our churches strict regard to the following deliverance of the General Assembly: 'Meeting of pious women by themselves for conversation and prayer we entirely approve. But let not the inspired prohibitions of the great apostle, as found in his epistles to the Corinthians and to Timothy, be violated. To teach and to exhort, or to lead in prayer in public and promiscuous assemblies, is clearly forbidden to women in the Holy Oracles.'

PORTER, BABCOCK AND LEET.

We present our readers in this issue with portraits of the three members of our President's military family, whose names have recently acquired a national notoriety through the medium of the Senate Committee's investigations into the frauds and abuses prevalent in the New York Custom House.

Colonel Leet has become famous, as the individual who first informed Mr. Grinnell of his appointment as Collector, and presented a letter of introduction from President Grant, recommending Mr. Leet as "fit for almost any business," and by means of Presidential pressure compelled Mr. Bixby, a storehouse-keeper, to give Leet five thousand dollars a year out of the profits of the business for no services whatever, which sum, it was testified, went to pay Leet's share of the expenses of the celebrated "mess," kept up in Washington by Porter, Babcock, Leet and others. Leet's wants becoming greater, Mr. Grinnell was compelled, by like pressure, to take away the general order storage business from all other warehousemen, and to vest the monopoly in Leet alone, a privilege worth at least a hundred thousand dollars a year. Exorbitant charges were levied by him on the New York importers, and notwithstanding

ing general remonstrances on the part of the merchants to Secretary Boutwell, and two personal appeals to the President by Mr. A. T. Stewart, the nuisance has continued unabated, and still exists, with only a promise of reform, since the unpleasant revelations brought out by the examinations on the part of the minority of the Senate Committee.

Porter and Babcock are officers of the Army, retaining their



COL. GEORGE K. LEET, PRINCIPAL IN THE GENERAL ORDER SWINDLE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

"My invitation to her was in return for a very courteous and fraternal invitation from the Friends to address one of their revival meetings. I had promptly accepted their kind invitation, and had been welcomed to their preacher's bench or pulpit.

"In response to this invitation I invited Miss Smiley to address my own congregation. I announced to my people on the previous Friday evening that I had invited Miss Smiley, and gave my reasons for so doing. The elders and deacons of the church were generally present, and not one opened his lips to me in dissent. Nor has a single member of my church ever expressed to me a word of objection or remonstrance. I have a very sensible congregation, many of whom cross the ferries very often, and have learned never to run up into the pilot-house and trouble the man at the wheel.

"On the following Sabbath evening Miss Smiley was conducted to the Lafayette Avenue pulpit by the pastor. She came there in the decorous garb and clothed upon with humility 'as becometh the saints.' After the usual opening services, I introduced my friend to the very large, intelligent, and deeply solemn and attentive auditory. She used no text, but took the vision of Jacob at Bethel as her theme, and illustrated from it the upward steps of the soul from sin toward holiness and heaven; the steps being repentance of sin, faith in the atoning



BRIGADIER-GENERAL HORACE PORTER, SHARER IN THE GENERAL ORDER SWINDLE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL O. E. BABCOCK, SHARER IN THE GENERAL ORDER SWINDLE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

rank and drawing pay as such, but are published in the Congressional Directory as secretaries of the President, and are known as attachés of the White House, without warrant of law and in violation of military rule.

THE LIEDERKRANZ MASQUERADE BALL.

The usual annual ball of this Society took place at the Academy of Music on the evening of February 15th. The guests began to arrive quite early. There were the usual number of masks, as well as a great many in ordinary evening dress. About eleven o'clock the ball was opened by the grand procession. The curtain, which till that time had concealed the rear of the dancing-floor, was rolled up, revealing the stage, a perfect blaze of light and brilliancy. The procession was this year made up of animals. First came the foxes, headed by the master of ceremonies, and followed by an orchestra of rabbits; then came a stork, seemingly suffering under a severe attack of hydrocephalus; then came a number of highly intelligent dogs, whose sagacity would put Zimmerman's goat to the blush for ever. Then came four gouty frogs drawing a chariot, wherein sat in mighty state a nyena, a wolf, a boar, and a panther. The "Tammany Tiger" caught in his own ring, and



NEW YORK CITY.—GRAND MASQUERADE BALL OF THE LIEDERKRANZ SOCIETY AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC—TABLEAU REPRESENTING THE ANIMAL KINGDOM DOING HOMAGE TO PRINCE CARNIVAL.—SEE PAGE 396.

followed closely by an elephantine caricature of William M. Tweed, was received with unbounded delight. Two monster roosters brought up the rear of the cavalcade. The procession was supposed to be allegorical. Everybody appeared to be pleased with it, but nobody seemed to know what it meant. The members of the Society apparently knew all about it, but were unable to express their feelings.

When the procession disappeared, everybody drew a long breath and seemed relieved. The musicians then struck up a lively polka from "La Belle Helene," and the parquet became a seething whirlpool of masks, bouquets, dominoes, floating hair, and diamonds. Waves of fashionably-dressed people overflooded the floor, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the waiters could complete their dance. The festivities were kept up till morning.

THE PROPOSED NATIONAL PARK IN THE YELLOWSTONE COUNTRY.

In view of the bill recently introduced in Congress to make the Yellowstone Region, with all its natural wonders, a great National Park, the following extract possesses a peculiar interest:

"In 'Catin's Letters and Notes on the North American Indians,' published thirty-five years ago, in letter No. 30, at page 261, vol. 1, written at the mouth of Teton River, on his return voyage from the Yellowstone, in his remarks on the prairies, the Indians and the buffaloes, it will be seen, he wrote as follows: 'What a splendid contemplation, too, when one imagines these picturesque realms, as in future they might be seen, by some great Protective policy of the Government, preserved in their pristine beauty and wildness, in a magnificent Park, where the world could see for ages to come the native Indian in his classic attire, galloping his wild horse, with sinewy bow and shield and lance, amidst the fleeting herds of buffaloes! What a beautiful and thrilling specimen of America to preserve and hold up to the view of her refined citizens and the world in future ages! A Nation's Park, containing man and beast and native scenes in all the wild and freshness of their nature's beauty! I would ask no other monument to my memory, nor any other enrollment of my name amongst the famous dead, than the reputation of having been the founder of such an institution.'"

From the above singular quotation, it will be seen that the writer contemplated the preservation of native men and native animals amidst the groves, the rocks and the ravines of native scenery; and it is to be hoped that, in the move being made in Congress, these very proper embellishments to those picturesque scenes may not be left out.

AN IMPROVEMENT UPON USUAL LEAP YEAR PRIVILEGES.

The ceremony of choosing *compadres* and *comadres* for the coming year, a custom peculiar to the people of Spain and Mexico, was formed upon the advent of the New Year by many California ladies. The manner of performance is as follows: The names of ladies and gentlemen known to be mutually acquainted are written upon slips of paper and deposited in hats, the name of a lady being drawn simultaneously from one hat with that of a gentleman from another, the two whose names are thus drawn to be *compadres* and *comadres* to each other for the year. The obligations incurred by the relationship are very simple. The gentleman is to be the escort of the lady on every occasion that she may desire; and she, in turn, must consider herself engaged for any entertainment which he may wish to attend. Of course, the relationship can be dissolved by mutual consent, either temporarily or permanently, during the period for which the agreement is made. The custom is an agreeable one in this particular, that it insures to both lady and gentleman an escort or companion, thus doing away with the disagreeable incidents which sometimes occur through not having partners for an entertainment. And it also secures to the lady having a *compadre* the positive certainty of having some one to dance with at every ball.

BIG SUNDAY DINNERS.

A SUNDAY'S dinner is made the most sumptuous meal of the week in a great many households, and the guests retire from the table more like gorged anacondas than intellectual human beings, with the result that during the whole afternoon there is such an amount of mental, physical and religious sleepiness, if not actual stupidity, that no duties whatever are performed with alacrity, efficiency and acceptableness. The Sunday dinner made of a cup of hot tea, some bread and butter, with a slice of cold meat, and absolutely nothing else, would be wiser and better for all; it would give the servants more leisure, the appetite would be as completely satisfied half an hour afterward, while body, brain and heart would be in a fitting condition to perform the duties of the Sabbath with pleasure to ourselves, with greater efficiency to others, and doubtless with larger acceptance to Him toward whom all our service is due.

WASHINGTON "COURT" GUIDE.—Mrs. Grant's reception will take place every Tuesday afternoon, from 2 to 4 o'clock. Mrs. Colfax will receive on Wednesdays, during the season, from 2:30 till 5 in the afternoon. Mrs. Attorney General Williams will receive Wednesdays. Mrs. Secretary Delano will receive her friends on Wednesdays. Mrs. Blaine's receptions, every Wednesday afternoon of the season, from 2:30 to 5 o'clock. Madame de Gracia, of the Argentine Legation, receives on Saturdays, from 2 till 5 o'clock.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

READY money—Quicksilver.

BAKING-PEARS—Couples dancing on a hot night.

A SEW-SEW sort of life—That of a seamstress.

SHIPPING interest—Sending money to Europe to pay our coupons.

WHY is an omnibus strap like conscience? Because it is an inward check on the outward man.

ENGLISH singers are paid on a sliding scale—the best receiving treble the pay of the baser sort.

NEXT to the busy bees, bootblacks furnish the brightest example of improving the "shining hour."

NOTE for Darwin: In time the mulberry-tree becomes a silk gown—and a silk gown becomes a woman.

A DABKEY says: "All men are made of clay, and like meerschaum pipes, are more valuable when highly colored."

ONE who is, perhaps, a little too critical, says that the majority of the country preachers could burn quite as well as the old religious martyrs—they are so dry.

ALPHONSE (who has had an attack of mother-in-law): "Parbleu, madame, it is not ze trouble zat your daughter is my wife. Non! It is because she is not an orphan when she is married to me!"

A CHAP who rooms up above the eaves-trough impudently remarks that although the naturalists make no mention of india-rubber birds, he has seven doves that were gutter-perchers.

A CRUSTY old bachelor in Congress proposes to levy a tax of twenty-five per cent. on corsets, whereupon a down-East paper remarks: "Since there is no tax on men getting tight, why should not ladies have the same privilege?"

MUSICAL criticism nowadays runs in this wise: "Miss — wore a rich purple suit, trimmed with a handsome shade of lavender, a white overgarment, tight fitting, with flowing sleeves, and a white bonnet, trimmed with the same shades of purple and lavender—and she sang finely!"

A MINISTER at a colored wedding, who wished to be humorous, said: "On such occasions it is customary to kiss the bride, but in this case we will omit it." To which a gentleman remarking the bridegroom pertinently replied: "On such occasions it is customary to pay the minister ten dollars, but in this case we will omit it."

SIC VOS NOV VOBRIS.—Auctioneer: "Thirty dollars—going at thirty dollars! Any advance on thirty dollars for this fine portrait by Titian, painted in that great master's best manner?" (Hammer falls.) Brush (to Badger): "Downright dishonest, I call it! Old Aaron's got thirty for that Titian, and he only gave me three for painting it!"

THE Linberger Fire Insurance Company has inserted in its printed applications the following questions: 1. Do you keep a cow? 2. Is it a female cow? 3. Is it a farrow cow? 4. Is it a kicking cow? 5. Is kerosene used in milking? Suits arising out of such policies will rival Solon Shingle's famous "cow case." The offense of the Linberger is rank—it smells to heaven.

A YOUNG American prima donna has just made her debut at Vercelli, Italy, with the greatest success. The Opera was "Beatrice di Tenda," by Berlioz. Miss Brush, who, by-the-way, has not changed her name, as many do who commence their career abroad, personated the principal rôle, and delighted a very numerous audience by the beauty of her voice, and the ease and elegance of her manner. It seemed impossible to many that this was her first appearance, so truthfully did she depict the beautiful but unfortunate Beatrice. Miss Brush, who has studied both at Milan and Paris, and had from her fine voice and great beauty of person excited much curiosity in regard to her debut, deserves all the greater credit for the success she has made, by beginning in a city where she was quite unknown, and where naught but real merit would gain applause. We predict for her a fine career, and she adds another name to the list of American prima donnas who are singing successfully abroad.—From *Il Mondo Teatrale*.

RAILROADS—FIRE PROTECTION.

OFFICE MICHIGAN CENTRAL R. R. Co.,

CHICAGO, Jan. 20, 1872.

F. W. FARWELL, Esq., Secretary Babcock Fire Extinguisher Company.

DEAR SIR: In reply to your inquiries, I would say: We have 120 of the Babcock Fire Extinguishers on our road, at various stations, shops, warehouses, and on our passenger trains. During the past two years of their use by this company, thirty-five to forty actual fires have been put out with the "Babcock," and a large amount of property saved from destruction, such as loaded cars, station-houses, wood piles, bridges, sheds, etc., etc. H. E. SARGENT, General Superintendent Michigan Central R. R.

THE warmth of approaching Spring, and the greater heat of the Summer, will remind our married lady friends to look after their husbands' supply of shirts, and replenish their stock. At RICHARD MEARES' large dry-goods establishment, Nineteenth Street and Sixth Avenue, a specialty is made of the "PARAGON" shirts, which have been liberally patronized for several years. "Miserable Bachelors" will also please note the address. For quality and prices, see advertisement.

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PERRY'S IMPROVED COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY.—The Skin Medicine of the Age. Is warranted to cure ACNE and SYCOSIS, RED, WHITE and MATTERED PIMPLES OF THE FACE; FLESH WORMS, Scaly Eruptions and BLOTCHED disfigurements of the Skin.

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6 " Better Muslin and Good Linen, 10.50
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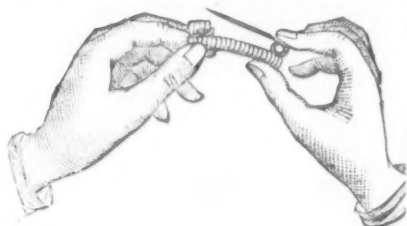
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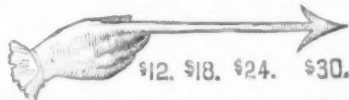
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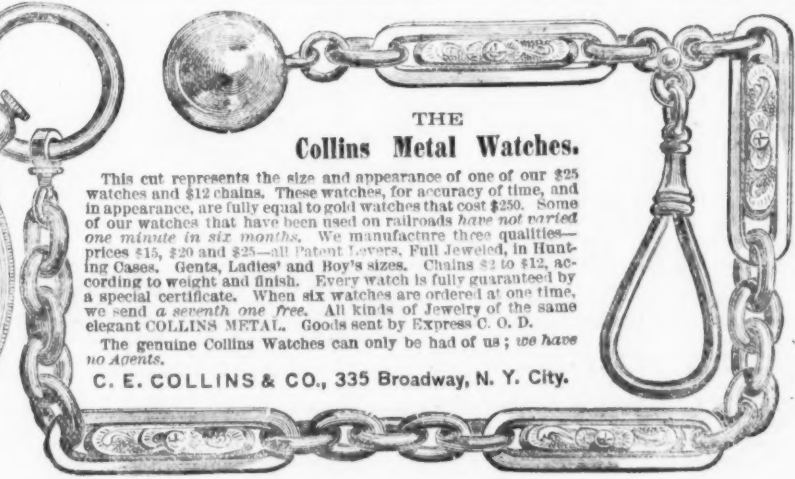
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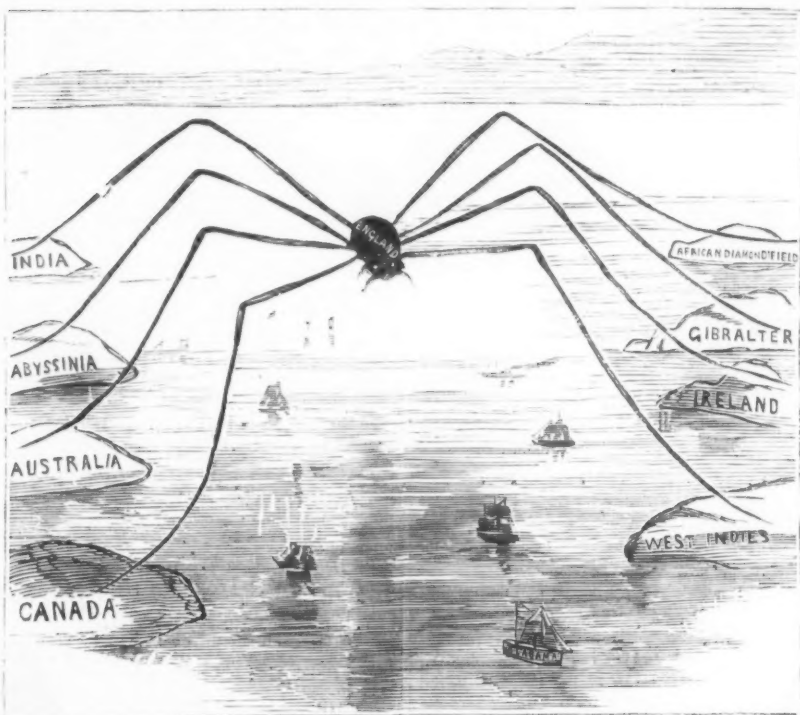
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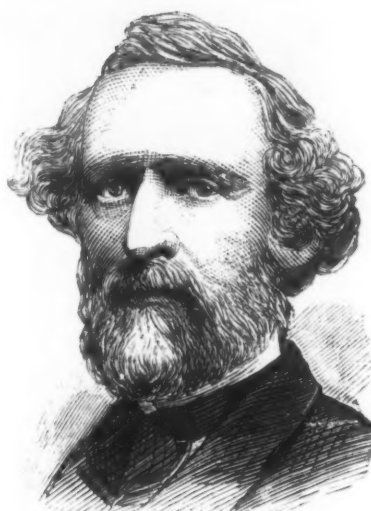
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MR. F. O. HULTMAN, a merchant, residing at No. 175 Monroe Street, Brooklyn, left his office, 49 Crosby Street, New York, early in the evening of January 2d, 1872. Shortly after, he met some friends, and accompanied them to a restaurant, where they all partook of supper. On separating at nine o'clock, Mr. Hultman took a Fifth Avenue stage, on the corner of Broadway and Fulton Street, for the ferry, since when his friends have heard nothing of him. He was fifty-seven years of age, five feet eleven inches in height, and weighed about one hundred and fifty pounds. He wore a soft black hat, black beaver overcoat, business coat and vest of mixed Scotch goods, and Congress gaiters. As he had about his person a considerable amount of money and a gold watch, his family fear he has either been murdered and robbed, or fallen into the river while crossing. They earnestly trust that any of the occupants of that stage who saw him enter, or remember his subsequent movements, will kindly come forward with such information as they may possess.

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